

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

BOTH Houses debated on Monday a motion made by Mr. Locker-Lampson in the Commons and Lord Salisbury in the Lords for a Select Committee of both Houses to inquire into the method of submitting names for honors, and to make suggestions. The Government met this motion with a proposal for a Royal Commission, whose business, however, is limited to offering suggestions. This proposal was accepted after debate in the Lords and talked out in the Commons. Thus the Government's plan holds the field. What is it worth? We agree with Lord Robert Cecil and Sir Frederick Banbury that it is worth very little unless the members of the Commission have power to take evidence on oath and to compel attendance. Sir Frederick Banbury pointed out that under the Tribunals Act of last year, if there is a resolution of both Houses, a Commission can be given these powers. Lord Robert Cecil very properly asked whether the Commission would have these powers. Mr. Chamberlain did not reply to this inquiry; but if Parliament is at all in earnest it will insist on this point, which is vital. You cannot make proposals for the future without understanding the methods that are now in use. These methods, therefore, cannot escape inquiry.

THE debates were enlivened by direct and personal charges from the Duke of Northumberland in the Lords and Mr. Ronald McNeill in the Commons. The Duke of Northumberland remarked that within the past four years three gentlemen have been honored, either with a baronetcy or a knighthood, all three of whom have been convicted by a court of law of serious offences, and went on to quote letters that had been sent to rich men in different parts of the country, suggesting that they should subscribe and receive an honor. One such letter shows how painfully the Order of the British Empire has slumped: "I am authorized to offer you a knighthood or a baronetcy, not of the Order of the British Empire—no nonsense of that kind, but the real thing. A knighthood will cost you £12,000, and a baronetcy £35,000. There has been some difficulty in the past through people paying in advance and failing to receive the honor. This has lately been overcome by arranging for a deposit in joint names. . . . There are only five knighthoods left for the June list. . . . The Party now in power will have to fight Labor and Socialism." The Duke also gave an account of an interview

which an acquaintance of his had with one of these touts, who appears, in this case, to have made a bad slip, for the Duke's friend told him that as a gentleman in his neighborhood convicted of food hoarding had been made a baronet, he would consider the offer of an honor from Mr. Lloyd George an insult. It is clear that the Duke will have plenty of material for the Royal Commission. The letters he cited read as if they had come from the pages of Emanuel Burden.

THE other speeches were terse in comparison. Lord Salisbury described the relation of honors to party contributions in an amusing passage. At one time it was all public service and no subscription; then some service and some subscription; soon it will be all subscription and no public service. The Lord Chancellor, who quoted Pitt's remark that any man who had £10,000 a year had a right to a Peerage, said that in certain circumstances you might have to choose between two men whose public services in all other respects were equal, of whom one contributed to your party funds and the other did not. Ought not the leader of a great Party to feel some genuine gratitude to the men who had rendered possible the adoption of those views upon which, *ex hypothesi*, the salvation and fortunes of the country and Empire depend? The man who keeps the framework of a Party together in evil fortune renders a public service. This part of the Lord Chancellor's speech reads rather oddly in connection with the Prime Minister's statement that he does not know, in recommending a man, whether he has subscribed to the Party or not. But generally there was a close similarity between the tone of the two speeches.

IN the Commons the Prime Minister argued that complaints about honors and corruption were no new feature of our public life, and that he himself had voted, thirty years ago, against a motion attacking the system made by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Sir William Harcourt had then replied by quoting Lord Erskine's remark that if he had lost verdicts which he ought to have won, he had won verdicts which he ought to have lost, "and so on the average justice is done." This defence, he maintained, was still true of the distribution of honors. The real question was whether Parliament wished to terminate the system by which service to party is rewarded in this country. It was the custom to gibe at politicians, but it was the want of politicians that had brought Germany to grief. Mr. Asquith defended the party system and party funds, but welcomed the proposal for a Commission, and was glad to know that it "would only be limited by what the Commons themselves determine." Colonel Croft cited some scandalous cases that had come to his knowledge, and Mr. R. McNeill made charges against Lord Waring, who interrupted him from the Strangers' Gallery, and against Lord Forres, who was, till lately, a member of the Government. Both of these Peers have since made statements about Mr. McNeill's charges, and the Lord Chancellor, after hearing Lord Forres, gave Mr. McNeill a plain hint that he was under an obligation to give the men he had attacked the opportunity of answering in the courts. Sir F. Banbury, a more careful and responsible critic, drew from the Minister for War information that seems at variance with the account of

Lord Vestey's services given in the "Gazette." The debate ended with a telling speech from Mr. Chamberlain. If Parliament is in earnest it may have important consequences.

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M. LITVINOFF, at Wednesday's meeting of the Hague Conference, in a precise and formal speech explained that "since it has been decided that credits cannot be given," the Russian delegation has decided to learn what its Government will do in the new circumstances; and the delegation will ask Moscow (1) to acknowledge debts due to foreign nationals; (2) to give compensation for foreign-owned property which has been nationalized, if the terms of payment of debt, and the terms of compensation, are left to be agreed between the Russian Government and the persons concerned, in the course of two years. M. Litvinoff's proposal to submit these suggestions to Moscow was approved. It is unfortunate that the belief seems now to prevail among Allied experts that Russia needs Europe far more than Europe needs Russia. That is, we believe, a delusion. Russia can survive without Europe, though doubtless only by reverting to semi-barbarism, with a diminished population and a return to "natural" village economy. Those who think that we can dispense with Russia forget the difficulty of buying from America, and omit from their calculations the probability that America will gradually diminish its area of cultivation and curtail its exports.

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THE one decisive result of the murder of Walther Rathenau is now visibly the union of the two Socialist Parties. They have decided this week not, indeed, to fuse, but to constitute a solid working unity (*Arbeitsgemeinschaft*). In the Reichstag this means in effect that they become a single Parliamentary Party, though the two organizations may survive for a time in the country. Since the Independents dissolved their brief and unhappy connection with Moscow, the difference between the two parties, originating as it did in the war, had become one of temperament and phraseology rather than of tactics. The danger of the Republic has now forced them together, and while they hold together one feels that it is safe. The Emergency Bill has been passed, and outside Bavaria the hunting down of the Monarchist conspirators continues. The two murderers of Rathenau were run to earth at last this week in a ruined castle, and shot themselves to avoid arrest. At the same time, many secret stores of arms have been discovered. These stores might, in kind and amount, suffice for a civil war, but certainly not for a foreign war, even on a small scale. There is no reason to doubt the good faith of the Republican Government in the matter of disarmament. These arms indeed had been stolen from it, and were for use against it.

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POLAND is passing through a singular political crisis, which may decide the social character of the Republic for many a year to come. It dates from the Rapallo Treaty. The President, Marshal Pilsudski, took alarm at the German-Russian *rapprochement*, and read it as a sign that the country must be strengthened, both in a political and in a military sense. He wanted further expenditure on the army, but he also wanted a more popular and vigorous Government than the Ponikowski-Skirmunt Ministry. It made no appeal to the masses either in the country or in the towns, and the army was not, he argued, equal to a possible attack from both sides. While he gave this Ministry notice to quit, he worked steadily for a reunion of the Left groups. He was always popular with the very moderate Nationalist

Socialists (P.P.S.), and also with the more radical elements in the peasant groups. But the peasant leader, Witos, is somewhat conservative, and the balance in the Diet is held by a "Yellow" Labor group. He succeeded in welding peasants and Socialists together, but a section of this "Labor" group went over to the Right, which is dominated by the oddly named National Democrats under M. Dmowski. After several vicissitudes (which we have not space to describe), the outcome was the election by a bare majority in the Seim (Diet) of M. Korfanty as Premier.

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THIS choice sharpened the oppositions in Polish politics to an unbearable edge of bitterness. The National Democrats, who were in the old days the Pro-Russian Conservative landowning party, and thereafter transferred their allegiance from Petrograd to Paris, have never ceased to oppose the President, and in the early days of the Republic they even kidnapped him. With a rough, violent, and unscrupulous personality like Korfanty, the author of the Silesian rising, at their head, normal politics become inconceivable. His name suggests a sort of White Terror. The cleavage is not between a pacific and a warlike tendency. Pilsudski, in his own romantic way, is incorrigibly militarist, though he was never trusted in Paris, as Korfanty was and is. The line of division is social—landlords, Church, and the by no means numerous middle class in one camp; peasants and workers in the other. The only possible solution would seem to be an election to decide between these nicely balanced forces. But Korfanty has his own expert notions of influencing voting, as Silesia well knows. And that, perhaps, is the real reason why Pilsudski has tendered his resignation rather than ratify the Diet's choice of a Premier. One cannot guess the sequel, and there are rumors of the revival of Pilsudski's secret Socialist army.

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THIS week the Council of the League of Nations met for the second time, after an interval of two years, in London. Nothing was done to give it a welcome which might have added to its prestige. The Prime Minister omitted the courtesy of opening its first session. Lord Balfour was too busy to attend. Mr. Fisher, who replaced him, arrived an hour-and-a-half late, blaming a motor mishap. London was totally indifferent, and the Press concentrated its attention on royalty. Whether on its side the Council might do more to make its public sessions more interesting and less formal is worth its consideration, but it is not encouraged to take itself very seriously. Yet it had some large matters on its agenda, primarily the ratification of the Mandates. The "B" (African) mandates were approved with slight verbal alterations, to bring them into conformity with the "C" (Pacific) mandates, especially as to the rights of missionaries. The Palestinian mandate is still under discussion as we write, and delegates from the Arabs have claimed to be heard both against it and against the Syrian mandate.

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THE Conference of the Miners' Federation at Blackpool was faced with one of the most difficult problems it could have been asked to solve. Should the existing wages agreement be ended, or should the miners be asked to continue it and endure their privations patiently in the hope that some time or other trade will improve, and higher wages under the profit-sharing scheme will be within their reach? The case against the maintenance of the agreement is not negligible, and it is supported



by a considerable mass of opinion in the coalfields. Those who support it contend that the prospect of any trade improvement which will bring wages up to a reasonable subsistence level is not yet perceptible. They point out that already the owners can claim the reimbursement of about £3,000,000 which they have had to contribute to make up the minimum wage, and which they are entitled to take out of future surplus profits. It is suggested that this deficit will be much greater before the tide turns, so that even when profits do increase the miners will have to continue on the low wage scale for a long period. Consequently, the argument runs, it would be better to substitute an adequate fixed standard rate which would be payable in bad or good times alike, leaving the owners to recoup themselves in the good times for their losses in the bad.

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MR. HERBERT SMITH, Mr. Hodges, and other influential leaders have set themselves against any proposal to end the agreement, not because they fail to realize the force of the arguments summarized above, but because they doubt the ability of the Federation under existing conditions to obtain another settlement as good as the profit-sharing scheme. They fear that in some districts, particularly in South Wales, many of the owners would be prepared to force acceptance of an even lower minimum than that to which they are now committed, and that if the men resisted they would once more suffer a costly defeat. For that reason they opposed strongly the alternative programme of Lancashire, and appealed to the men to remember what befell them last year, because of the failure to look where they were going before they took the plunge. At the moment of writing, the decision of the conference has yet to be made, and there is a strong feeling in favor of a proposal to defer the final judgment until after next week's meeting of the National Joint Board, at which the officials intend to discuss the whole question thoroughly with the owners. The recommendation of the executive to the Blackpool Conference was, in effect, that the agreement should be continued, and that the new executive should be given power to open negotiations with the object of obtaining any possible amelioration of the existing conditions.

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THE Irish Provisional Government announced on Thursday that "the safety and future welfare of the nation depend upon the power of the Irregulars being broken." It declares that it will not compromise with the rebels, who, it as frankly announces, have Waterford, Cork, Kerry, and Mayo "in subjection." It looks as if the rebel forces are inconsiderable, but Ireland is a country in which a small number of determined people can cause a great deal of trouble. Meanwhile, the distress is acute in some of the towns. There is much unemployment in Cork, and at Limerick food and newspapers are shut out. In some places the Irregulars are apparently enforcing a ruthless conscription. The rally to the Government continues, and the volunteers are said to be increasing rapidly. The Labor members have held a meeting and suggested a meeting of members of the Dáil. Cardinal Logue stated on Tuesday that the rebels have become brigands, and that the looters were having the time of their lives. The rebels have shown that there is no length to which they will not go in order to show their hatred of their fellow Irishmen. On Monday they ambushed a funeral near Athenry, firing on the mourners, and killed an Irish soldier and seized some unarmed soldiers. In the worst days of the Terror this never happened

THE assassins of Sir Henry Wilson were tried at the Old Bailey on Tuesday before Mr. Justice Shearman. As was, of course, inevitable, they were found guilty and sentenced to death. That was the logical penalty of their offence, and they must have known, at the time of its commission, what was involved. But Mr. Justice Shearman's action in preventing one of the persons, Dunn, from making a statement on the ground that it was a political manifesto was not only unfortunate, but also, we think, a legal precedent of an undesirable kind. Every prisoner has, by Statute, the right to make a statement in his own defence; and a difference of opinion between the court and himself is not held to warrant its suppression. Certainly Lord Reading did not prevent Sir Roger Casement from reading what was practically a political manifesto. The natural result of Mr. Justice Shearman's action is to produce in Ireland the widespread conviction that the accused did not have a fair trial. However evil their frenzied motives may have been, the assassins should not have been denied the right to explain them. Political murders constitute a class apart; and to deny the right of free speech to men who have perpetrated them, is always mistaken policy. Those who applaud the judge's act would be the first to condemn a revolutionary tribunal in a similar case.

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On Saturday next, July 29th, the anniversary of the actual outbreak of the Great War, mass demonstrations will be held all over Europe and America, with the motto "No More War" for their inspiration. The movement began last year on the Continent. This year it extends to Great Britain, to Ireland, and America. Everywhere its basis is the same. The participants come from the Labor Movement and the League of Nations Union, from miners and ex-servicemen's organizations, and from the Churches, but it has no party color. Whatever each section may think of methods, they will all unite to voice the simple, massive resolve that there shall be no more war. The meetings all over the British Isles will be numerous, and we would appeal to our readers to help, whether in Hyde Park or in the provinces, to make them a success. In the long run, whatever may be the contribution to peace from arbitral tribunals and the League of Nations, the only force which can and will prevent war is the resolve of the average mass in every nation to avoid it. To keep abhorrence of war alive, and to make it vocal every year, is one of the first duties of every civilized man and woman.

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THE new County Hall for London was opened by the King and Queen last Monday. It is fourteen years since Mr. Ralph Knott's design for it won in open competition, and architects themselves frankly declare that the finest design was chosen. It is a building worthy of the chief city of a great Commonwealth, and Mr. Knott deserves the tribute of all Londoners for adding a lasting feature of beauty to the Thames-side. Architects, unlike popular novelists, are obscure artists, and few Londoners are aware of the names of even those whose minds gave us Westminster Cathedral and Somerset House, to say nothing of such excellent structures as, say, Oceanic House in Cockspur Street. What ratepayers know chiefly of the new County Hall is that, though its east wing is still to be added to it, it has cost £4,000,000. They do not know they could have had their hall complete for only half that sum but for Moderate pusillanimity and dilatoriness.

## Politics and Affairs.

### HONORS AND PARTY FUNDS.

THE debates of Monday will leave their mark on our system of government. We may hope for a real and permanent improvement, but the alternative is something worse than our present evils. For if this crisis passes without a genuine reform, the bad practices and the sinister habits that have taken hold of our politics will be more firmly entrenched, and we shall pay for the missed opportunity by the definite sanctioning of evils that are now half denied and half tolerated. There are really two questions at issue: If it is wise and right in a democratic State to bestow honors in the form of titles, how should those honors be awarded? Is it wise and right in a democratic State to maintain political parties by the present system of party funds? The two questions are intimately connected, but they are separable, and each of them needs an answer.

It is commonly argued that political honors are necessary because where there is no such system, rich men serve their own interests by more direct forms of corruption. If public service is not rewarded by titles it rewards itself, sometimes with most dramatic and public consequences, such as the Panama scandals, or the famous Bank scandals in Italy, while we know that there are other illustrations of this law of politics in every nation. It is much better to make a man a peer or a baronet than to tempt him to exploit the nation by making a corrupt use of the power that his wealth gives him. This reasoning has led a great many people who are doubtful about the whole system of public honors to accept it as a means of escape from something worse. But it has become perfectly plain that there is no security at all in the methods by which these honors are given against the very evil from which they are represented as protecting our public life, and that we are in grave danger of getting a double dose of corruption under the plea that we are being given medicine. If powerful interests are anxious that a particular policy shall be adopted, they can offer money to a party fund and receive in return titles of honor. Thus the system we practise encourages rich men to do the very thing that we are warned they do in other countries. They put down their money and receive in return a policy plus a title, whereas elsewhere they receive a policy only. This danger is, of course, increased by the collapse, or the demoralization, or the corruption, of the party system. Ten years ago there was a revolt against the party system, and independent-minded men of all parties were growing more and more impatient of its hypocrisies, its tyrannies, its series of false perspectives. But we are reaching a state of things in which we shall all look back at that bad system as a golden past, for we are finding, as Chatham found in his day, that there may be worse things than a party system. If the habit of bestowing honors for public services was dangerous under that system, it is infinitely more dangerous when personal intrigue and personal ambition are not subject to the restraints, such as they are, of that system. These restraints are, perhaps, poor enough, but they look more effective to-day than they seemed before we had tried our recent substitutes.

If honors for public services are to continue there is only one way of selecting recipients which is compatible with clean, honest, and democratic government. The choice must be made by an impartial body. We have to do in regard to decorations what Gladstone did in regard to the Civil Service. A body analogous to the Civil Service Commission must act as tribunal. At

present the Prime Minister, advised by a Patronage Secretary and the Party Whips, chooses public men, men of letters, men of science, and men who have given liberally to the party funds, for public honors and distinctions. As a method of selection, nothing less appropriate could well be devised. When the Honors List was comparatively small this method was bad; with the swollen Honors Lists of modern times it is fantastic. The Prime Minister argued seriously on Monday that very few mistakes had been made. He meant by a mistake the choice of a man whose honor was in the nature of a public scandal. Clearly there should be no such mistakes, for there can be no difficulty in finding out the facts about a man whose life has been so public an affair that he is singled out for an honor. His language on this point may be cited: "There have been energetic representations of qualifications, the marshalling of recommendations, and the skilful glossing over of facts which, if they were fully known at the time, might have led to a different choice." Why were the facts not fully known at the time? There is no desperate hurry about the bestowing of an honor; there should be ample time for learning the facts about the career of a man chosen for a public distinction. What we have to do is to eliminate from the system of public honors all ideas of patronage. It took some time to get politicians out of the habit of thinking of the Civil Service as patronage; and until that was done the Civil Service gave the nation neither the efficiency nor the security that good administration involves. We have now to take the Patronage Secretary out of this business of public honors altogether, and to do this we must set up a system of choice that is quite outside party politics. In many departments of public life there are professional institutions that can be consulted; and if men who have made their mark in letters, science, medicine, or the arts care for honors of this kind, the Patronage Secretary is obviously not the man to make the choice. So soon as you begin to consider public services of other kinds, it is obvious that the Patronage Secretary is the very last man to make the choice. When honors are taken out of the hands of politicians, one serious element of corruption will be removed from politics.

What, then, about the Party Funds? The speakers in Monday's debate walked rather warily when discussing this topic. Surely it is perfectly clear that the whole system of secret party funds must go. It has become a steadily increasing danger to liberty and good government. The Prime Minister told the House on Monday that to put an end to the present system involved the danger "that political organization will collapse, and the alternative to political organization is political chaos." Mr. Asquith said "we should never associate ourselves, nor ought any intelligent and sane politician to associate himself, with this vulgar, clap-trap outcry against contributions to party funds. You cannot carry on political life, you cannot organize political warfare, except by these means." Let us grant that party organization means expenditure, and that therefore a party cannot be effective without resources. Is there any reason, in this state of things, why the facts about its funds should be secret? The Prime Minister says that he does not know whether a man contributes to the party funds or not, when he recommends him. But on the Prime Minister's hypothesis he ought to know, for he argues that these subscriptions are necessary if we are not to have "political chaos," and that honors should be given to men whose public services take this form. Even if we admit all that is said in favor of bestowing honors for party services by members of the Front Benches, we cannot find a single objection to these two simple reforms: The one that the recommendations



for honors should be made as appointments are made to the Civil Service, by an impartial and permanent body. The second that every political organization should be compelled to submit its accounts to a public audit. We shall be surprised if the political genius of Englishmen, which has been so admirably nourished, as Mr. Lloyd George tells us, by the honors system, vanishes under these reforms, and we shall be surprised, on the other hand, if there is not a marked improvement in the tone and standard of our public life.

### THE EMPTY APPLE-CART.

As a study in human nature, the reparations question offers rich material. Three distinct phases define themselves as we recall the history of recent years. The first was one of childlike anticipation. Politicians wrote down any figures which happened to flatter their imagination, and used the financiers rather to add up the dizzy sums than to make a reckoning. If in this country the leaders of the Coalition played their part with zest in fooling the country and possibly even themselves, a remnant of sagacity forbade them to act on the faith of their dreams. Mr. George might talk of making the Germans pay the whole cost of the war, and Sir Eric Geddes visualize the process as the squeezing of the orange "till the pips squeaked," but on this side of the Channel no one ever dreamed of budgeting on these expectations. It was otherwise in France. There the dream of a steady flow of German gold was no less sanguine, but it acquired a sort of reality which it never had here. Ministers reckoned on it in their budgetary calculations. They borrowed on these great expectations, and out of office M. Poincaré used them as an argument for resisting fresh taxation. The myth became a working force in the real world, and the plain man believed in it. It enabled him to invest his savings at interest in the perpetual internal loans, instead of paying them out to the tax-collector. A myth which can do this for three years is shaken with difficulty. The result was, that when the stream of gold refused to flow, the early indolent mood of the dreamers turned to anger, at first explosive and then sullen. This was the second phase, the period of "sanctions." Its last manifestation was M. Poincaré's speech at Bar-le-Duc, and the threat, which raged through the French "Press during the spring of this year, to march, if need be alone, into the Ruhr. It was an ugly phase to watch; and we can only rejoice that it appears to have passed.

The third phase, which opened last week with the descent of the mark to the figure of ten to the penny, is not æsthetically more pleasing, but it may be vastly more conducive to a sane settlement. It is the stage of bargaining. Oddly enough, it is not with the Germans that the French propose to bargain. We used to suspect that their threats to invade the Ruhr were addressed rather to London than to Berlin. From the German point of view, it really did not matter whether the force which applied the sanctions were that of France alone or of all the Allies. Its invasion in either case would be unwelcome and costly. It did matter to us, for a section of our public opinion still wishes to preserve the Entente. And now again, in the third phase, it is we who are to pay for the moderation which the French will consent on terms to affect. The "Temps" has stated those terms with a roughness and gracelessness which rankle in the mind of the English reader more painfully than the direct abuse, some of it redeemed by wit, of the *cabarets*

and the boulevard Press. The "Temps" baldly announces in italics that the French Government cannot dream of paying either the interest or principal of the debt which it owes to us until it has received in hard cash the sums necessary to cover the restoration of the devastated regions. It advises its Government to refuse to discuss any moratorium for Germany until the credits for this restoration are in sight. It winds up with the usual threat of isolated action—"to resume its liberty of action, and, as our English friends put it, to *upset the appel-cart (sic)*. It has the means."

As a model of taste, tact, and good feeling, this passage is worthy of study. The threat with which it concludes does not unduly alarm us. We do not doubt the ability of France to "upset the appel-cart" quite efficiently. Certainly she has the means. Two or three divisions of North African troops holding up the railways and canals that supply German industry with Ruhr coal, could assuredly upset it. But unless one has lost one's senses one does not upset the apple-cart unless one can count on collecting some at least of the apples which roll to the ground. But France would get no apples from this operation, save perhaps the mythological apple of discord, and she knows it very well. The apple-cart is empty. The mark would fall to the level of the krone, and the franc might drop from 50 to 500. Our own trade would suffer somewhat, but we are already in the blessed state of him who is low and fears no fall. The threat is a bad joke, but a more singular way of persuading a friend (we try to feel grateful for that word) to cancel a debt is not recorded in history. There is not a trace in this article, or in any of those which preceded it, that this authoritative semi-official newspaper is aware that it would seem decent at least to affect some gratitude for the financial aid which we rendered during the war, and that some words of regret and apology are customary when one tells a friend that one proposes of one's own motion to convert a loan into an involuntary gift. The operation is in some contexts described as repudiation. Indeed, we fail to see in practice any difference between the attitude of Lenin towards war debts and the attitude of the "Temps." In logic we see a very great difference. For Lenin in theory rejects private property. He did not contract his debt, and he can plead that we more than wiped out any sentimental obligation by our subsequent blockade. We are afraid that if the subject of Allied debts is to be approached in this mood, the period of bargaining will be as unsavory as the period of sanctions was dangerous. But here at least a concrete result is possible. The stage of silliness and violence is over.

For our part we have urged the scrapping of these debts from the beginning. They can never be repaid. The process of payment in goods would ruin us, if it were possible. Moreover, we dread the ill-feeling which they create. It is obvious that so far from begetting gratitude towards us they excite dislike. That is not an uncommon feeling in debtors towards creditors. One might suppose that such a debt is not even an asset to bargain with. That, however, is too simple a view. In two ways the debt has a certain reality. Firstly, France could not repudiate it—in the plain literal sense of refusing, if summoned, to pay interest—without injury to her own credit and to the exchange value of the franc. Secondly, any operation which enabled M. Poincaré to claim the success of having got it cancelled would add to his political credit, and possibly also to the financial stability of France. The franc might rise, and certainly his political stock would rise, and that at a moment when the failure of his anti-German policy would otherwise

cause it to fall. The operation belongs to the world of political make-believe, in which one gives 4d. for 9d., but in that world he and his supporters live, move, and have their being. It is then an asset to bargain with.

What, then, shall we ask for it? Nothing directly for ourselves—no gain but the general gain of ensuring European stability and peace. That is not to ask from us a sacrifice. On the contrary, it is to ensure the foundations of our own prosperity. That understood, however, we would drive a stiff bargain. A debt of £584,000,000 is a large sum. We are not prepared to surrender it, save on terms that once for all will end this nightmare of the indemnity, and all it involves of danger and ruin. It is not enough to concede a moratorium to Germany for two or three years. In the first place, the still unsettled liability would prevent the maximum recovery of Germany. In the second place, we should have to face the whole weary tragi-comedy over again when the moratorium expired. The "Temps" itself predicts that a war would then break out. No. The total obligation of Germany must now be written down to one-third. We fix that figure because it is approximately the measure of the honest claim for reparations, when the fraudulent claim for pensions is deducted. With the details of the process we are not concerned. Germany, for all we care, may pay France in "C" Bonds, which France will hand over to us in payment of her debt, and we thereupon may solemnly burn them. If it amuses politicians to play at these nursery games, by all means let them have their drama. The essential is that if the Allied debts are to be scrapped, the major part of the indemnity must be cancelled also. There would still remain, however, the very solid third, a colossal sum (over £2,000,000,000) for a bankrupt country to pay. Nothing is gained if it must still be paid in gold. Whether in goods or in labor, whether in direct contributions to reparations, or in public works elsewhere in France (as is now suggested), it must be paid in kind. Next, the occupation of the Rhineland must cease. It eats up at present all that Germany can pay. It is preparing that inevitable war (which the "Temps" foresees in 1925) more surely even than the financial exactions. Finally, France must withdraw her veto on the admission of Germany to the League of Nations, and to the union of Austria with Germany. Those would be our terms. Let the "Temps" threaten to upset the apple-cart. We should answer with a plan that will cause apples to grow abundantly. If she will but consent, there will soon be apples enough in all our orchards on both banks of the Rhine. On the sure expectation of such a crop it would even be possible for France and Germany to borrow for urgent needs in America.

#### IN THE COALITION MANNER.

THERE is now in Committee the Economy (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill. Perhaps no measure introduced since the General Election by the Government is more typical of its method or its mind. It is, to begin with, one of the least intelligible Bills that have ever been brought before the House of Commons. It is an absurdity of clumsy drafting. Nine-tenths of it is that worst form of all measures, legislation by reference, and most of the economies it professes to achieve involve an increase either in the complexity of administration or a growth in the number of officials in order to effect them. In introducing it, Sir Robert Horne made a speech which either showed a complete inability to grasp the meaning

of his own Bill, or else a gross attempt to deceive the House of Commons about its subject.

Yet bad as the Bill technically is, it is still worse in substance. Most of it may be summarized by saying that it constitutes a mean and deliberate attack on the minimum basis of civilized life. It proposes to make a charge for admission to the national museums. Anyone connected with them knows that free entrance to them is a real safeguard that the children (and not the children only) shall have access to a vision of the heritage of our race. Every teacher knows that a visit to the British Museum is one of the great events in a child's life. Now he can go if and when the Treasury pleases to permit a free day; and unless that free day coincides with school arrangements he will not go at all. The continuation school is to go. Its obligatory character becomes permissive, and any immediate prospect of starting that adolescent education for which Mr. Fisher was once so eager disappears. The entrance age for school is to be six instead of five, unless the parents choose otherwise; though Mr. Fisher must know that few needs among the working class are greater than the certainty of having children in the healthy environment of school at the minimum age. Broadly, the clause means that wherever there are parents who do not appreciate the value of education, their children will have the benefit of the gutter instead of the teacher. It is putting a premium on vicious ignorance for the sake of a negligible saving. But in truth Mr. Fisher's real object is to save the salaries of the large number of teachers whose services will be required no longer as a result of this clause. It is an economy which, added to his desertion of the Burnham scheme, will soon sink the teaching profession below that condition from which his temporary enthusiasm seemed at one time likely to raise it. It is an economy comparable in character to his recent attack on tutorial classes; and to that typical instruction of his to Berkhamstead School, where, by insisting that unless its teachers' salaries were reduced its grant would not be paid, he has aimed a blow at one of the finest endowed schools in England.

But the Bill does not stop at education. For some years ships' stores intended as rations for seamen have been inspected; and the debate provided testimony from shipowners that the inspection had valuable results in every way. That is abolished. Its results, said Sir W. Raeburn, will be the growth of a class of ships' stores dealers who will make a point of supplying inferior goods. The health and morale of the crews are bound to suffer, in order that fraudulent contractors may make illegitimate gain from what, after all, is really part of the crews' wages. From conniving at cheating seamen, the Bill passes to the completion of that process of wrecking schemes of housing so congenial to Sir Alfred Mond. Houses built for public purposes may now be sold to employers as tied houses for their workmen, or to profiteers, who may hold them until the repeal of the Rent Restriction Act gives them a chance to take their pound of flesh. Another section so destroys the contribution of the central Government to the local authorities for re-housing that actually Scotland will be given £30,000 to clear all its slum areas, and the city of Leeds, with 72,000 insanitary houses, will receive £4,000. The Bill, in fact, aims at the perpetuation of the slums.

These are but illustrations of the effect the Bill is likely to have. We leave untouched its dangerous innovations upon the technique of local finance. We do not dwell upon its neglect of the very obvious economies—the



abolition, for instance, of the Ministry of Transport—which were open to the Government. The Bill, as it stands, is a perfect mirror of the Georgian dispensation. It is a deliberate swindling of those least able to protect themselves. It breaks pledges solemnly given. It does not at any point inflict a single burden upon the rich, while it inflicts new sufferings upon the poor. It involves a great extension in the administrative machine. Every condition of ignorance and degradation that it can intensify it sets out to increase. It is, indeed, worthy of its authors; for no Government since the days of Sidmouth has been more cynically careless than this of the suffering of common folk. And the effort it has here made is the more characteristic in that its measure is clothed in a form which deliberately conceals from the average Member the essential purposes it has in view.

### WANTED: A PRISONS INQUIRY.

IN a deeply interesting and instructive volume\* Mr. Stephen Hobhouse and Mr. Fenner Brockway have opened for the general public the jealously closed doors of the prison-house, and presented us with the most minute and complete account of what prison life means to the prisoner which has ever been published in this country. It is partly based on personal experience of their own; but is more particularly the results of a careful inquiry into the working of our prison administration over which Sir Sydney Olivier, one of the most eminent of our Civil Servants, presided. The statements in this important work have been tested, and the evidence of the witnesses who came before the committee of inquiry has only been accepted after ample corroboration. The detailed working of the system, in which the life of the prisoner is mapped out for him from the moment he enters the prison cell till the hour of his release, is taken directly from official documents, and the reports of the Prison Commissioners themselves. In a word, this is the most authoritative volume on prison administration, on prison life, and the effects of it on the prisoner which the public has ever had the opportunity of seeing.

What are the results of this searching inquiry into the conditions of prison life? We can only summarize a few of them in the space at our command. In the first place, it is an almost unqualified indictment of the existing system of prolonged separate confinement in the prison cell. During the first month of his incarceration the prisoner, if sentenced to a short term, has to remain in practical solitude in a small cell, measuring thirteen feet by seven, for about twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. If sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, that is to say to penal servitude, he has to spend the first three months of this sentence under similar conditions. Even when this period of practical isolation is over it is asserted that seventeen and a-half hours of each day have to be passed by the offender in the prison cell. The privilege of working in association, which was so strongly recommended by the Gladstone inquiry in 1894, has been cut down by Prison Standing Orders to a minimum. And the Prison Commissioners, though rendering lip service to this inquiry, have in this particular, as in several others, made it of none effect.

It is pointed out in this volume that the evil results of a system of prolonged cellular confinement are to be seen in the high ratio of suicide, insanity, and recidivism among the prison population. That imprisonment is

largely the cause of this high rate of insanity is indicated by the fact that the amount of mental instability in our prisons increases with the duration of the sentence served. The proportion of prisoners certified after three and a-half years in prison is nearly three times as high as the proportion certified as insane in the first month of imprisonment. Equally deplorable is the ratio of suicide in what are called "His Majesty's Prisons." It is at least three times higher than in the outside world; and, worst of all, it is especially prevalent among the young. If prison life has this debilitating effect upon the men and women who have to endure it, it is manifest that it must unfit large numbers of them for civil and industrial life when they are once more outside the prison gates. Imprisonment under existing conditions unfits the prisoner for liberty. Instead of reforming him it demoralizes him; instead of having the effect of protecting society against him it makes him a more formidable enemy of society than he was before. Dismissing sentimental considerations altogether, and looking at imprisonment from the severely practical point of view of the protection of society, we must set down our prisons as at present conducted as failures.

We shall, of course, have official apologies for the existing system, and small official changes in prison regimen as a result of the publication of this book. But the public must not allow its conscience to be doped by methods such as these. What is wanted at the present moment is a strong fearless Commission of Inquiry into the whole working of the Prison Administration. It is to be remembered that prisons are the only portions of our public administration into which the light of day cannot penetrate. They are a silent, a hidden world, a world almost completely handed over to a highly centralized bureaucracy. Prison visitors, so far as they exist, are shadows without substance. The real rulers of the system are a few gentlemen at Whitehall. The lives and liberties of the population of our prisons are completely in their hands. It has always been felt by successive governments in this country that this is too great a responsibility to be entrusted to any body of men without interrogation from outside. At the end of every few years it has been the custom of the Home Office, which is in charge of our prison administration, to appoint a body of Commissioners to examine into the working of our prison system. It is now nearly thirty years since the last inquiry took place. This is too long a period, and had it not been for the war, undoubtedly an inquiry would have been forced upon the Home Office before now.

It will no doubt be resisted by the authorities concerned as the last inquiry under Viscount Gladstone was resisted twenty-eight years ago. We shall have the usual assertions that the statements in "English Prisons To-day" are exaggerations; that the men who drew them up are faddists; that the system on the whole is an admirable one; that there is no need whatever for the public to be disquieted as to what takes place within prison walls. But the Gladstone inquiry showed when its report was issued that there was great need for an examination of the administration of our prisons, and room for drastic reform. In fact, every commission of inquiry throughout the last century was able to put its finger on manifest blots on the existing system. It is always from the outside, from the days of John Howard downwards, that prison abuses have been perceived and prison treatment reformed. Prison officials from the highest to the lowest, however conscientious they may be, are too much accustomed to things as they are to see the need of change—the need of

\* "English Prisons To-day." By Stephen Hobhouse and Fenner Brockway. (Longmans. 2s.)

keeping prison discipline, as it is called, in harmony with the developing conscience of the community. Most of the men, women, and boys in our penal establishments are drawn from the humbler classes of the people. It therefore particularly devolves on members of Parliament representing democratic constituencies to press for an immediate inquiry into the conditions of prison life.

## Life and Letters.

C900 A.D.

*These young men died that the Dominion of Right and Reason should be more firmly established among men.* This curious and interesting record of our remoter ancestors has just come to light within what must have been the foundation-stone of a monumental building on the west coast. Scanty as is the material with which we endeavor to reconstruct the conditions of the first century of the second chiliad (old style), the discovery has naturally caused great contention among the expert. The record can be interpreted to support or to refute a score of theories; and, indeed, only by the eventual accumulation of further material can we hope to read it correctly.

As an instance of the difficulties surrounding the question, we may say that not one of the events here commemorated is known with any certainty. Who are "these young men"? Where did they die? And what is "the Dominion of Right and Reason"? The "young men" did not apparently die on the spot where the record was found. Careful investigation has disclosed no sign of human remains. Failing these, we can hardly even decide whether they died as an example or a warning; in short, whether as patriots or as criminals, and there is extreme dissension on this point. It depends largely on the manner in which the rest of the description is interpreted, as we shall see.

"The Dominion of Right and Reason" is very curious. The first impulse is, naturally, to understand this in the literal sense; that is, to regard Right and Reason as those abstractions to which earlier communities were, strangely enough, continually appealing. Such interpretation still leaves undecided whether the young men died in defence or in defiance of these visionary principles: and there are grave objections. The appeal to abstractions is the mark of a simple, more ingenuous type of society than that which appears to have existed at the period under consideration. So far as we know from other sources, this period was more sophisticated—one might say more cynical. Not content with abstractions, it was at the same time painfully conscious of the difficulties of embodying them in any concrete shape; and there were at least three main, and innumerable subsidiary, schools of thought on the subject, each professing knowledge of the forms of Right and Reason. If, therefore, we accept the phrase literally, it will give no indication whatever why these young men died, as it could be applied almost to any form of death in political commotion.

A more complex explanation is probably correct. In the first place, this is evidently an official monument, the work of the Government of the time. Of the persons of that Government we know nothing, and the evidence is conflicting. Thus, a signature follows this inscription, almost illegible, which appears to read DL [? Daniel] LOYD GEORGE. Is this three persons or one?

Some coins also found in the cavity, bearing an inscription GEORGIVS, would suggest more than one, GEORGIVS and GEORGE being evidently the same person, the other two being DL and LOYD respectively. But why, in this case, is the first name DL (apparently Daniel) abbreviated? It was customary at this time to shorten certain proper names; we have evidence elsewhere, for example, that the form Jno stands for Jones. Still, in a formal record it is hardly likely that of three persons one only should have his name shortened. More likely the signature belongs to one man, to him whose bust appears upon the coins.

What further can we elucidate about this man? Hardly anything. He was certainly the nominal ruler of the time, but at that time the actual form of government is extraordinarily obscure. This we knew already. But in dealing with this new evidence a highly ingenious theory has been propounded, combining in the most convincing manner the old evidence with the new. It is known, for example, that the actual forms of government had little connection with the real sources of power. It is known that the age was transitional, straining old forms to new uses. These considerations, with others now omitted, have led to the theory that the rule of Right and Reason was the formal title of the constitution, and that these terms were no longer abstractions, but the actual titles of the existing head or heads of the Government. This point is corroborated by the coins, on which, after the word GEORGIVS, follows the word REX, or sometimes the letter R. We do not understand the hieratic language so often found in inscriptions of the period, but evidently there is a connection between *rex* (*regs*) and *right*.

Daniel George, then, was the Right of the time. Was he also the Reason? It is here that the theory is most ingenious and most convincing. It asserts that this monument records the successful attempt of Daniel Georgivs to combine in his own person the functions of Right and of Reason. Right and Reason, we must suppose, were hitherto separate, symbolic titles borne by the two chief officers of State (or perhaps two parties), who exercised, as the names would suggest, a sort of neutralizing power over each other. These two symbols stood for distinct aspects of government: what was right might not always be reason, nor, again, would reason always be right. Policy, therefore, was controlled by both functions. It is a pity that our present state of knowledge does not permit us to comprehend more fully how these principles were combined, but clearly there must have been moments of considerable friction, in consequence of which Daniel made his successful endeavor to coalesce them. Henceforward both Reason and Right would be his only: what he lacked in one, the other would make up for him. It would be highly interesting to know what use he made of his new powers and their formidable possibilities, but, unfortunately, history contains no further record of this enterprising figure.

We can now ask what light this solution throws upon the fate of the young men. Were they the upholders or the opponents of George's policy? The absence of remains tells against the first alternative, but to decide the question we must make use of the smallest hint; and the words "more firmly" seem to be of that nature. It is a case in which the comparative seems to be weaker than the positive. Had the inscription stated that these men died in order that the principles of Right and Reason might be *firmly* established, the words would have the ring of success, and we might conclude (absence



of remains notwithstanding) that the monument stood for those who had helped to such success. On the other hand, "more firmly" suggests a doubt in the mind of Daniel, a doubt whether the course he had taken was wholly justified or successful. This being so, we are inclined to conclude that these "young men" were not of his way of thinking, that, on the contrary, they died because they were bold enough to deny that the functions of Right and of Reason could be embodied in one man, even in Daniel George.

STEPHEN WARD.

### THE PARVENU'S PROTOTYPE.

ONE is accustomed to think of Vulgarly as an attribute especially characteristic of the Teutonic peoples—the Germans, the English, and the Americans, including the Jews who are born or naturalized among them. With all their estimable qualities—their general respect for law, their comparative respect for morality, their customary good faith, their businesslike habits, their punctuality, and their love of sports—the peculiar trait that we call Vulgarly is certainly seen among them in its fullest development. There must be some reason for it. Does it come from an abnormal thickness of skin, rendering the whole inner and outer nature insensitive? Or from climates so uncomfortable as to make personal comfort the first thought and care? Or from the material aims that promote the businesslike habits? Or from a weakness in the sense for beauty? Or from contempt of form and proportion? Or just from the self-satisfaction that prosperity gives? We could give contradictory examples for all these suppositions. The Zulus are thick-skinned; the Russians and Scandinavians live in uncomfortable climates; the Chinese have material aims; the Turks show little sense of beauty; the modern Greeks enjoy plenty of self-satisfaction. Yet no one would think of calling any of those peoples vulgar. Whatever the reason, the Teutonic races are painfully susceptible to Vulgarly, and the finest specimens of the vulgar man or woman are to be found among them. Whereas we may almost say that, owing to some natural protection, the Latin races are free from it, just as Clumber spaniels never suffer from the distemper that afflicts other dogs.

We might have said all this, and yet we should have been wrong. For the earliest and most typical description that we have of Vulgarly comes from a Latin race, even from Rome itself. It is contained in a manuscript discovered nearly three centuries ago at the beautiful mountain town of Dalmatia which we used to call Trau; goodness knows what it may be called now by a people that calls Diocletian's city of Spalato by the name of "Split." Only a fragment of two books out of a large number in the original work was found, but the fragment contains a picture of Vulgarly complete. We refer, of course, to the fragment of the "Satyricon," commonly attributed to the same Petronius whose character is carefully described by Tacitus towards the end of the "Annals." If this Petronius was the author, he was just the man to draw an unsympathetic and scornful picture of Vulgarly. For the historian's description shows us the kind of person who in the 'nineties was called "a Decadent"—the fastidious "aesthete," disdainfully tripping through this puddle of a world, lily in hand, and ever ready to die of a rose in aromatic pain. He gave the day to sleep, we read, and the night to the exquisite joys of life. The reputation that others won for industry, he won for laziness. Yet his extravagance had the delicate touch of culture, and his *bons mots* and unconventional proceedings were taken

as evidence of a sweet and simple nature. He had shown considerable capacity as pro-consul in Bithynia and as consul in Rome, but was afterwards sucked into the circle of Nero's fashionable courtiers and was selected by the artistic young Emperor as his "Master in the Beautiful" ("Arbiter Elegantiæ," whence his common name of "Petronius Arbiter"). When the Emperor commanded his death for the usual crack-brained reasons, he opened his veins little by little, slept a bit, thoroughly enjoyed a choice banquet, refused to hear anything about the immortality of the soul, but listened to charming songs and light verses, and finally sent Nero a list of the curious Imperial vices, with the names of the men and women detailed for their enjoyment.

Such was the probable author of the "Satyricon," now translated into racy English, with copious notes, by Mr. J. M. Mitchell.\* We might call him the Oscar Wilde of his time without injustice to either. Obviously, he was the right man to draw the satiric portrait of the vulgar parvenu preserved for us in the episode known as "Trimalchio's Banquet." His style has the precisosity, the love of epigram, the studied impromptu (a sort of "*curiosa felicitas*," his own phrase) in which the 'nineties delighted, while his satiric insight into character, especially into woman's character, reminds one of "The Importance of being Earnest." Trimalchio had long served a rich master as a slave, had inherited money from him, had built ships and traded in wine, bacon, beans, and slaves; had done some cattle-dealing and money-lending; and had raised his great mansion—"this humble abode"—from a hut to a temple. Four dining-halls were in it, twenty bedrooms, two marble porches, a separate suite for himself, a boudoir for "this rattlesnake here" (presumably his wife), a superb porter's lodge—"room enough for a dozen house parties." The description is his own, and it wants only the addition of golf-links and a grouse moor or trout stream to raise it to the level of an advertisement on the back page of the "Times."

Trimalchio is atrociously fat. He tries to keep himself in condition by playing hand-fives in his private court, and by sweating in his private bath. But he moves about in a litter, of which he is proud as an English parvenu of a Rolls-Royce. He keeps real dogs, but has also had a sham dog painted on the porch to make visitors jump. He has portraits of himself at various ages along the walls. The whole place stinks of money. He has more silver plate than anyone in the world, and so many slaves that not one in ten knows him by sight. He produces everything on his own vast estate; has imported special rams to improve the wool, a swarm of bees from Hymettus to improve the honey, seeds from India to improve the mushrooms, wild asses to improve the mules, and the flock in every cushion is dyed, purple or scarlet. As to his banquet, the pen fails in description. The mere list of the solid meats and flowing wines consumed among the handful of guests is enough to make even a City Father ill in mere imagination of it. As *hors-d'œuvre* there came two kinds of olives, dormice garnished with honey and poppy-seed, steaming sausages served with plums from Damascus, sliced pomegranates from Carthage, and pea-hen eggs containing little birds like ortolans hidden in the yolk. A curious dish followed, arranged like the signs of the zodiac, but concealing poultry, sows' udders, and a trussed hare. A wild boar came next containing a covey of live thrushes (as Mr. Mitchell notices, only surpassed by the American parvenu's pasty out of which sprang live girls); then a white pig stuffed with sausages, then oysters, mussels—but why continue to inflame the appetite of our gourmets?

\* "Petronius, Leader of Fashion." Translated by J. M. Mitchell. (Routledge. 8s. 6d.)

Falernian wine, labelled "One Hundred Years Old," was drunk and used for washing throughout the repast. Fruits of every kind were handed round, and the noise of music and singing accompanied the groaning courses. In the middle, before the arrival of the second relay, which we have prudently omitted, Trimalchio complained of indigestion, and gave a minute account of his internal condition, as vulgar people will. It is, however, worth mentioning that he found relief from a concoction of pomegranate, resin, and vinegar, which we advise the chairman at City dinners to have handed round to guests shortly before the toastmaster utters his first cry of "Gentlemen, please to charge your glasses!"

But Trimalchio was not deficient in intellectual interests. He could imitate a cornet, had read some Homer, possessed a library of Roman and Greek books, and, imitating the Egyptians, kept a skeleton on the table—a silver skeleton, of course, with joints that he could set to various attitudes. In fact, he waddled after culture, and interspersed his conversation with malaprop allusions to ancient mythology and history, just as one of our lords might "think it rather rotten that Shakespeare should be quite forgotten." His wife was a shrewd and thrifty woman, who generally acted as his guide, if not his philosopher and friend. Though later in the banquet he did throw his wineglass at her, he was, on the whole, rather proud of her, or at least of the weight of her ornaments—heavy anklets, vast bracelets, and a hair-net of pure gold, all of which she displayed to her envious friend Scintilla. Yet her manners revealed the "perfect lady," for she wiped her fingers on a napkin which she wore round her, whereas her husband wiped his, like Mrs. Squeers, upon the curly head of a convenient slave. In our day she would have urged him to purchase a seat in the House of Lords.

Many other traits of Vulgarly the æsthetic Petronius gives us in his superior and satiric manner, and most of them are characteristic of Vulgarly in both hemispheres still. England and Germany, it is true, have become impoverished within the last eight years, and Vulgarly rarely consorts with the poor. America still remains to carry on the ostentatious tradition as it flourished so richly in this country not very long ago. The present writer remembers it well in a great Midland town. One Trimalchio he especially remembers, who had risen from an office-boy to be the owner of coalmines and ironworks. The house stood in the midst of the fashionable district. "It isn't a 'ouse, it's a 'all," the owner boasted. Blue iron railings, with gilded spear-heads, surrounded it. The gardens and lawns flamed with colors, and so did the interior. The man was enormously fat, and on the walls hung photographs of his bulk in various stages. His neck had disappeared, his hair shone with scented oil; a heavy gold chain, long enough to lead a dog, stretched around an arc of his circumference. A spanking carriage-and-pair took him to divine worship, and he waved a gold sovereign in the air before contributing it to the alms and oblations. "My sons and daughters shall never work for their living," he used to say, and all have gone to ruin since. When a clergyman came to dinner with him, he would cry: "'Ave some more salmon, my boy! You poor curates don't get salmon every day!" It is interesting to reflect that when Petronius was writing his "Satyricon," St. Paul was perhaps near him in Rome, or was writing that confused but energetic "Letter to the Romans," in which so many of Trimalchio's manners are denounced. But the Romans did not pay much attention, nor do the English and Americans to the many who have denounced the vulgarities of their wealth.

## Communications.

### THE BRITISH LECTURER IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—"It is necessary," said Sir Auckland Geddes the other day, "to get British people of goodwill to travel in the United States—not to deliver lectures." (Laughter.) Well, lecturers are as various in character and ability as ambassadors, and they are much easier game. Certain it is that they have become a serious Anglo-American problem, which needs to be thoroughly discussed. A short time ago *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* printed a letter on the subject from Mr. Charles Zueblin, of Boston. It was a straight attack on a certain type of English lecturer. The attack, I think, should be welcomed, for it was bound to come from some quarter and might easily have been made in harsher terms.

Mr. Zueblin knows of what he speaks. He is one of the most skilled and experienced of American lecturers, having accumulated an extensive and peculiar knowledge of the field during many years of practice. In his onslaught there are three main points. (1) He resents the charge, made in your article on "The Standardization of America," as to the lavish advertising by means of which Americans "are made to read the same books at the same time, see the same plays, hear the same lectures." In recent years, he says, the most lavish advertising of this sort has been spent upon British celebrities. (2) These people have been hospitably received on American platforms, "although almost uniformly they could not lecture." (3) Nothing is done from the English side to make it possible for English audiences to hear American speakers who have mastered a higher form of platform expression than that which "British writers" take to America.

Well, broadly the facts are as Mr. Zueblin states them. Ever since the journeys of Thackeray and Dickens, English celebrities, and uncelebrities, have made the American lecture-hall their hunting-ground. The late Major Pond, of delightful memory, made a great business of capturing and presenting the men of the hour—preferably explorers and other undeniable heroes, but also novelists, humorists, preachers, with an occasional victim of especial pitifulness, such as Matthew Arnold. But, in the half-century or so of development, no tolerable system has been evolved. There is no method of selection. There are no standards. There is no institution that might be doing service as an international exchange. It is nearly all haphazard and speculative commercial enterprise. Let us see how it works out.

The alert agents in New York keep their eyes upon the news and the advertisements. They mark certain names as "prospects." In a few cases every year they may cable a proposition of "big money" for a lecture tour. Sometimes they are so eager to secure a man that they do not trouble to find out whether he can be heard, or even whether he can speak English. Hence the element of tragic-farce is occasionally introduced—as in the notorious case of Maeterlinck three years ago. Since they cannot get Prime Ministers or Presidents, the agents commonly put first the man of action—the explorer or the fighting man. Next in grade comes the man or woman who has been made known to the multitude through the Press, as the author of a "best-seller," or through his association with some popular craze—such as gave Sir Oliver Lodge his immense hearing on the Spiritual Borderland, and last season, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. There are some prominent persons in connection with whom the question of speaking power is not a first consideration. Mrs. Asquith, for example, was for the great American public a creation of the Sunday papers. People were curious to see her. If she had elected to speak, whether seriously or lightly, on English political or social affairs, her audiences would have been content with a lower level of technical accomplishment than she displayed in the telling of her stories. And similarly with the author of a best-seller. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, if he were foolish enough to succumb, would attract crowds in every city. They would gather because of their eagerness to see the man who wrote "If Winter Comes," and they would not expect oratory. But all the same, if Mr. Hutchinson fell below a fairly high



standard of lecturing, their disappointment would be proportionate to their eagerness, and in the end as outspoken. In this connection it is a partial answer to Mr. Zueblin to say that if agents lose through not troubling about ability to speak, and if audiences are "sold," they deserve, as our American friends say, all that's coming to them.

It is chiefly the literary people who come under Mr. Zueblin's second heading. These are generally writers with a certain reputation and public. As a rule, their stock-in-trade seems to consist of a single lecture (or at most two or three) on a subject connected with their line of work. Not seldom they are unpractised in public speech, and show it. They are apt to be slow and formal, unable to establish a personal relation with their hearers. Too often they evoke complaints as to the thinness of their material and their way of treating the audience (which, in the matter of lectures, knows what's what) as an infant class. The remedy here is plain enough. American agents should have the business sense not to invite a man unless they are satisfied as to the quality of his stuff and his ability to "get it across"; and when such a man is invited he should be made to understand that American audiences demand and deserve the best that the visiting lecturer has to give. There is no doubt at all that the past ten years have been strewn with English failures, and if the American people were not the most patient and considerate in the world the seasonal migration would cease. Happily, however, there have been noteworthy successes, some of them of the highest value. If I name a few it is merely for illustration: Professor Gilbert Murray (far too little known in the United States), Mr. Masfield (not, in the American judgment, a good lecturer), Mr. R. H. Tawney, Mr. Nevins, and (a most valuable recent ambassador to the business world) Mr. Seibohm Rowntree.

I come now to Mr. Zueblin's third point—reciprocity. This is where the greatest difficulty lies. The agents and the lecture societies can, I think, do next to nothing in it; and, as Mr. Zueblin quite fairly says, we should do well to drop our gibes at America in the matter of fees, since in England lecturing, for the majority of practitioners, is an unpaid or a sweated profession. The universities, however, can do something; the learned societies; undoubtedly the Churches. But the practical obstacles are rather serious. No foreigner can get a footing in the English lecture-field unless he is prepared to live among us for a spell of years. Again: while it is true that many American lecturers have mastered a technique which enables them to compress into sixty or seventy minutes a pointed and effective exposition of a subject, the chances are that the subject itself is of too exclusively American interest. Thus, the lay sermon—educational, civic, or social—is an acceptable art-form in America. There is almost no public for it here. And, finally, it has to be said in this connection that committees and societies on both sides of the Atlantic have shown a deplorable lack of discrimination in the choice of representative missionaries. We cannot wonder at the impatient judgment passed on American speakers who, time and again, have been given splendid opportunities at mass meetings and conferences. Their performances have gone far to make English people believe that the alleged technical excellence of American public speech is an illusion. Mr. Zueblin, unfortunately, is right in his central contention. The lack of reciprocity in this important field—like the shocking misrepresentation of America in the ordinary news, of which Mr. Robert Barry, of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," lately complained—is a disgrace, the blame for which rests very largely upon us. There is urgent need of reform.—Yours, &c.,

LOQUAX.

## Letters to the Editor.

### "GERMANY REVISITED."

SIR,—Mr. Brailsford is so anxious to elicit our sympathy for the German *rentier* that he makes use of a false argument. He shows correctly that at the end of 1921—with the pound worth about 800 marks—an investor who bought shares in 1914 would be receiving about 85 per cent. interest. It is

absurd to take the mark at a fortieth of its pre-war value; all that concerns the investor is the *internal* value of the mark, which at that time was between a twelfth and a fifteenth of its 1913 value. The average yield is, therefore, between 6 and 7 per cent.

Mr. Brailsford does not mention the capital appreciation, which is even more favorable, being nearly equivalent to the alteration in the external value of the mark. It would have been wiser to choose Government or Municipal securities which show a real loss. Whenever there is a fall in the mark, and a corresponding partial fall in its internal value, holders of stocks with fixed interest and mortgagees are heavy losers, industrial shareholders gain slightly, mortgagors and owners of foreign securities and agricultural land are much better off. The average *rentier* has learnt how to avoid any great loss, but circumstances make him into a gambler.

English Liberals could find better objects for their solicitude than the German middle classes, who, except for doctors, journalists, and schoolmasters, have usually done very well out of the falling mark. Since the war, and especially during the last railway strike, they have shown themselves much more selfish and reactionary than corresponding classes in England. No one will quarrel with Mr. Brailsford's remarks about the working classes. They were badly paid before the war; they are worse paid now.—Yours, &c.,

G. T. GARRATT.

Kaiserallee 30, Berlin W.

[It was precisely on behalf of doctors, schoolmasters, and journalists that I invited sympathy. My remarks about investors were an answer to M. Poincaré's grotesque 40 per cent. No doubt the internal value of the mark is much higher than its exchange value, but only for native wares, not, e.g., for clothing.—H. N. BRAILSFORD.]

### THE MUSEUM UNDER THE AXE.

SIR,—Thirty years ago, as an elementary-school boy, I often visited the British Museum. With a family of ten my parents could not afford to provide money for admission had there been a charge. To-day I practise a profession and have—what the world terms—"got on." I brought my child up from the provinces at Easter and took her to the British Museum. I was struck with the large number of children in the building, eagerly interested, and, on the whole, orderly.

Who will dispute the value of the Museum in helping to make what are deemed useful members of society?

And now a Government that intends to remit £50,000 to owners of mineral royalties proposes to charge sixpence or a shilling for admission to the British Museum. It is not clear whether the amount will include amusement tax.—Yours, &c.,

L. E. W.

[We are obliged to hold over several letters.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

## Poetry.

DUBLIN, JULY, 1922.

PEACE dwells in Dublin now;  
Broken is the green bough;  
The high gods have their will,  
There are none left to kill;  
No more blood overflows  
To darken a dead rose.

Peace; in the clammy tomb  
'Tis well dead lips are dumb;  
'Tis well that death-dimmed eyes  
See not, nor cold limbs rise.  
'Tis well that the dead sleep  
Immeasurably deep.

Peace; as the last shot falls  
Upon flame-gutted walls,  
Darkness and stillness spread  
Their requiem for the dead.  
Some bore their brows red-wreathed in thorns to-day,  
And others looked on them, and turned away.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

### THURSDAY.

THE Reparations Commission are awaiting the result of first-hand investigations in Germany before dealing with Germany's request for a moratorium; but Germany has been told that she must put into force the financial reforms demanded of her. The Allies are, it is officially stated, in close consultation over the problem, but no approach to a *dénouement* is indicated. Indeed, the tone of Paris messages is pessimistic, and indicates that British and French views are still running along parallel lines, which, as Euclid might say, having been produced for three years, still never meet. Meanwhile, the vagaries of the mark continue. On Monday, for instance, it was quoted 2,005 at lunch-time and was 2,325 by closing time. Experts confess that the conditions in the foreign exchange market in London are as unstable as at any time since the Armistice. What a comment on the failure of Europe's statesmen! And even now no agreement on a sane policy seems to be in sight. A study of these matters makes the American attitude towards European financial problems very easy indeed to understand.

In one phase of the international debt problem, however, a definite advance can be chronicled. In the House of Commons on Monday, Mr. Lloyd George stated that "in response to their request, the United States Government had been informed that a special delegation would arrive in Washington early in September to make funding arrangements with the Special Commission set up by the United States Government . . . for dealing with the debts owed to the United States Government in respect of war advances." There is, at least, something in the view which regards a definite debt arrangement between Great Britain and the United States as the keystone of the arch of international finance. The completion of a clear-cut arrangement should certainly create a good impression in America. It will be remembered that in the Budget estimates the Chancellor of the Exchequer allowed £25 millions for interest payment on this debt. It now appears that gold is already crossing the Atlantic in preparation for this payment in October. At the current rate of exchange the debt of this country to America is about £938 millions, while Allies and Dominions owe us about £2,000 millions, or almost exactly the same amount as Europe owes America. The total of British credits includes £655 millions from Russia—apparently a hopelessly bad debt—£584 millions from France, and £503 millions from Italy. In some quarters there is a disposition to attach significance to the fact that Mr. Lloyd George, in answer to a question in the House on Monday, did not avail himself of the opportunity to repeat his recent categorical refusal to consider the idea of remitting Allied debts, or, what amounts to much the same thing, accepting bonds that would in all human probability be worthless. In this connection it is, perhaps, worth while to notice that certain Press messages from Paris suggest that Mr. Lloyd George is prepared to remit financial claims on France only on terms which France finds unacceptable, while New York cables hint that Mr. Lloyd George has offered to remit French debts in return for a scaling down of reparations. The time seems opportune for some M.P. to ask the Prime Minister what has become of Sir Robert Horne's reparation scheme.

### BANK RATE AND MARKETS.

The return of Bank Rate to 3 per cent.—the lowest rate since the early part of 1914—cheered the gilt-edged and home railway markets; but the full effect on Stock Exchange quotations which it might otherwise have produced was precluded by the apprehensions arising out of the international financial situation. There are optimists who talk of a 2½ per cent. rate in the autumn, but this is very much on the knees of the gods. Trade is very slowly improving within the closely drawn limits imposed by European economic chaos, and commodity prices show rather striking signs of stabilization. Nevertheless, the limits referred to are unfortunately such that trade must remain slack and money cheap for a long time. Certainly if some signs of stability were to appear in the European situation, Throgmorton Street might look out for busier times, so soon as the "dog days" are over. On the other hand, fresh untoward events

on the Continent would probably cause a reaction. One can only repeat that if and when real trade revival is approaching, its arrival is likely to be preceded by a period of Stock Market activity. But to date these events are still impossible, and every fresh crisis means a postponement.

The reduction of railway rates announced last week might have been taken by the casual observer to spell lower revenue for the railway companies. The market, on the other hand, took it to be a "bull" point. It was argued that the decision meant that the companies were in a good way to afford the concessions, and also that the reduction (though regarded by traders as inadequate) would tend to stimulate trade and traffic.

### INDUSTRIAL PROFITS AND LOSSES.

A statistical article in the current issue of the "Economist" shows that the reports of 1,386 industrial companies published in the twelve months ending June 30th last disclosed net profits of £80 millions, or £49½ millions less than the previous twelve months. On their ordinary capital these companies paid an average rate of dividend of 8.6 per cent., against 11.8 per cent., but even this lower rate of dividend was not actually earned, an aggregate of over £6½ millions being drawn from reserves. The figures bear eloquent testimony to the great economic depression, striking evidence of which is also afforded this week by the reports that have been issued of two prominent companies. In the past two years the Niger Company has made a loss of over £2½ millions, a depressing result for Lever Brothers, who bought the ordinary shares at £6 10s. per share. The Niger report is almost reprehensibly laconic, and it is only after digging out the 1919 balance sheet and comparing the figures with those in the latest balance sheet that any interested person can find out the extent of this startling loss. Preference shareholders are surely entitled to clearer information than the report deigns to provide, and it is certainly the duty of the Chairman, in his speech at the forthcoming meeting, to make up for the amazing reticence of the report. Another prominent instance of industrial losses is provided by the accounts of Crosbie & Blackwell, which show that the allied concerns from which the main revenue is derived made an aggregate loss of £1,072,890. So unsatisfactory a result was not expected in view of the statement a year ago that provision had been made for the writing-down of stocks. On the other hand, the Marconi International Marine records a slight increase in net profits, a surprisingly good result in view of the conditions of the period, and in view of large payments that have had to be made.

### HALF-YEARLY BANK FIGURES.

I set out last week the dividends and share-prices for the leading banks, and now the balance-sheet figures for June 30th are available. These are interesting as illustrating certain financial tendencies of the period. Taking London's "Big Five" banks together, I find that in the six months aggregate deposits have fallen from £1,649 millions to £1,600 millions, discounts from £395 millions to £308 millions, and loans from £678 millions to £655 millions, while investments have risen from £310 millions to £377 millions. The most interesting point is the fall in discounts and the rise in investments, which is obviously due to the replacement of Treasury Bills by Treasury Bonds, which was a feature of national finance in the half-year. The items referred to for the five banks may be tabulated as follows:—

	London Joint City & Midland.	Lloyds.	Bar- clays.	London County West- minster & Parrs.	National Provin- cial & Union.
	Million	Million	Million	Million	Million
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1921	£ 376	£ 349	£ 351	£ 319	£ 274
June 30, 1922	368	342	321	299	259
Discounts, Dec. 31, 1921	72	91	75	102	56
June 30, 1922	55	78	45	83	46
Investments, Dec. 31, 1921	60	61	64	57	48
June 30, 1922	71	95	92	60	59
Loans, Dec. 31, 1921	177	131	133	110	127
June 30, 1922	177	124	129	104	122

The powerful strength of bank balance sheets must have been considerably added to by the great rise in gilt-edged stocks that has taken place this year.

L. J. R.





# THE ATHENÆUM

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## The World of Books.

A BOTANIST, reading the mystic words *Siphonia Spruceana*, *Utricularia Spruceana*, would carry in his head vast tracts of the earth's surface and a parcel of human greatness. To the layman they are blanks. Perhaps few English men of letters have any knowledge of Richard Spruce, the Yorkshire traveller, whose "Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and Andes," in two big volumes, fully ranks with the works of Humboldt, Spix and Martius, Wallace and Bates, in the records of South American discovery. I came across him through a highly cultivated doctor I recently met on the East Coast, who said the book was an unknown classic. He was right.

SPRUCE travelled Brazil, Venezuela, Peru and Ecuador between 1850 and 1864, collecting some 7,000 species of plants, and it will be for the nature of the man and what he did, he and his like, not for the annals of bloodshed, that the angels will remember England. He was born in 1817, and spent his north-country years before 1850 in teaching, "herborizing," and being ill. In spite of ill-health he became the chief authority on Yorkshire mosses and *Hepaticae*, and was a principal contributor to Baines's "Flora of Yorkshire." That a humble student of the humblest order of plants should have decided to devote thirteen years to exploring the Amazons and Andes, not for booty but botany, and with neither money nor constitution to speak of, was as remarkable as the fact that he ever came out of them alive. What he actually did reads like a saga one can enjoy—a new quality for that brand of literature. His first station from Para was Santarem, whose vegetation he described with his usual patience, thoroughness and accuracy. He went on to Obidos and explored the Trombetas. On to Manaus and up the Rio Negro in the footsteps of Wallace, spending five years in the unknown country of the Venezuelan frontier, getting up as far as San Fernando, where he nearly died of fever, canoeing up various tributaries of the Rio Negro, and attempting to find the source of the Orinoco. From Manaus again, he travelled the Upper Amazon and its tributary, the Hualaga, to Tarapoto in North-Eastern Peru. Then up the northern tributary, the Pastassa, to explore the Ecuadorian Andes about Quito, collecting in the cinchona forests in the Chimborazo region, and winding up with a journey to Guayaquil and down the Pacific coast to Piura.

ONLY once in this tremendous itinerary did Spruce travel by steamer—from Manaus to Nauta. He was

twice nearly assassinated, and what with mosquitoes, ants, drunken Indians, continual sickness, leaky boats, rapids, floods, storms, accidents, snakes, war, revolution, and almost every conceivable hardship and peril (commenting on Humboldt's saying that "they [perils] elevate the poetry of life," he sensibly remarks that they "have a woeful tendency to depress its prose"), it was not surprising that when he got back to England he was broken. For years he was so ill that he could not sit up to write. Yet in that period he wrote a standard work on the Palms and the massive "Hepaticae of the Amazons and the Andes of Peru and Ecuador," which Bentham, Hooker, and other botanists have proclaimed his greatest. It isn't, for that title must go to the "Notes of a Botanist . . .," wherein so much else besides plant-life is recorded, and which is a living monument of what De Morgan's father said should be the mark of the well-educated—"to know everything of something, and something of everything."

THE indifferent world really owes this treasure to Wallace, who made a coherent and fascinating book out of a fragmentary and heterogeneous mass of journals, articles, letters and notes after the author's death, and in condensing and arranging them kept his eye on the general reader rather than the specialist. It is, indeed, a book for all tastes, equally nourishing for the man of letters as of science, for the student of mankind as of nature, and not least for those who love to see a modest, original, delicate and liberal nature set graphically out. It is full of vivid touches—the frogs, Spruce writes, "chaunt forth their Ave Marias, sometimes simulating the chirping of birds, at others the hallooing of crowds of people in a distant wood"; and rowing up the clear, dark blue Rio Negro by night he speaks of dashing the stars in shivers; of feeling:—

"It is impossible to behold such immense masses of water in the centre of a vast continent, rolling onwards to the ocean, without feeling the highest admiration; and when viewed under the setting sun, and afterwards when the descending and deepening gloom blends all into an indistinguishable mass, though the tumult of the contending waters is still distinctly audible, there is excited in the mind I know not what mixture of tenderness and awe."

It is a first-rate book of travel, and quite free of the callousness explorers, and the prejudices the learned, so often betray. And for a speaking, broad impression of what the Amazonian forests look like how admirable is the following:—

"Fancy, if you can, two millions of square miles of forest, uninterrupted save by the streams that traverse it. . . . You will hence be prepared to learn that nearly every natural order of plants has here trees among its representatives. There are grasses of forty, sixty or more feet in height, sometimes growing erect, sometimes tangled in thorny thickets, through which an elephant could not penetrate: Vervains forming spreading trees with digitate leaves like the Horse-chestnut: Milkworts, stout woody twiners ascending to the tops of the highest trees, and ornamenting them with festoons of fragrant flowers not their own. Instead of your Periwinkles we have here handsome trees exuding a milk which is sometimes salutarious, at others a most deadly poison. . . . Violets of the size of apple trees. Daisies borne on trees like Alders."

I believe Mr. Rhys would put Spruce into "Everyman" if he read him.

H. J. M.

## Short Studies.

### FRANZ.

ELIZABETH wrote: "It might interest you to look up Franz. He used to be a great dear."

Franz has just left. I am exhausted and desperate. I feel as if I had nearly burst my lungs shouting to someone through heavy plate glass.

I found him pacing up and down my garden, recognized him from the mountain-climbing snapshot Elizabeth had sent, and waved. His face broke into an engaging smile, and he turned—a distinguished-looking fellow of thirty, thick wavy hair, severely disciplined, handsome eyes behind glasses, well-cut, sensitive mouth, beautiful teeth, strong, lean, nervous hands—much thinner than in the picture, very thin indeed, especially in the face.

His English was perfect, frequently spiced with American pre-war slang. He talked quickly and gaily at first, of Elizabeth and her family and her work, her charm. I explained about myself and my visit to Germany. A joke about my bad German, and we laughed. I was delighted with him and showed it—his boyish gestures and thoughtful eyes. I thought: "Here is a friendship one can begin in the middle."

Then, "I must gather information about you for Elizabeth," I said. "Are you married?"

He looked blank for a minute and then laughed discordantly. "Oh, no," he said. "I am not quite such a fool as that."

"Then what news of you shall I give her?"

"News!" he said, bitterly. "I was four years at the front."

"It must have been hell," I said quickly, scurrying past it.

"There are two kinds of people," he said. "Those who were in it and those who were not."

"But since then, I mean, these last three years. You are an architect, aren't you?"

"Three years!" he repeated, and then he turned and snarled at me: "Elizabeth has certainly taken her time looking me up. I used to have lots of American friends. I don't write to them. They know where I am living—if I am living!"

He laughed again, and it was an unpleasant sound.

"Why don't the Allies leave us alone? They won the war. Why aren't they satisfied with that? It's rotten to keep on kicking a man when he's down. We could get on all right if they'd let up on us. We don't want any help. But you work and scrimp and it all goes from you—the mark falls or a new tax comes. The men that fell aren't so badly off. My father died a week before the armistice. I read it in a Munich paper. There are only my mother and me. I ought to have an office of my own now and be making money. But the tax on new businesses, the rent of an office—I could never hold out till I got going. Anyhow, there is no business for a young architect. Only the *Schiebers'* palaces—and they all go to the old-established men (I work for one of them)—and workmen's cottages turned out by the mile. I inscribe myself 'student' to avoid taxes, but that can't go on for ever. I shall have to chuck my career and go into buying and selling. It's bound to be rotten and shady."

Everything I said made matters worse. "Internationalism!" My guest had once been "something of a Socialist": he had known that "every war is fought for trade" and that "this war was no exception"; but he had—here he sneered at himself without mercy—"fallen for Wilson." He had believed in the Fourteen Points! He had been nearly as bad as the workers who laid down their tools in the munition factories at the behest of fools of pamphlet-scribbling pacifists in Switzerland.

This turned his mind to the army. "Can you imagine what it means to be failed by the people at home? The army was loyal." Then he fought the war all over

again. He caressed this or that victory. He blamed the Bulgarians. If only they hadn't run away!

"Would you like the war to have continued?" I asked.

"Oh, God, no!" said Franz.

He came back to peace times. "Why is Lloyd George so afraid of France? Why is America driving Germany into Russia's arms? Why can't they leave us alone?"

He seemed, suddenly, to have blood in his mouth and dirt in his eyes. His hands clenched and unclenched. I was afraid of him.

Three hours had passed. I had been so well disposed and he made me feel such a fool. I hated him because he wouldn't listen to me.

Somehow he went—we said nothing about meeting again. I saw him let the tram pass, although he lived three miles away, and remembered fares had gone up from three marks to five.

There is a man whose life has grown steadily less dear to him since the peace. He will kill anybody or anything that is conceivably to blame for his misery.

ANNE HERENDEN.

## Reviews.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Friday Nights. By EDWARD GARNETT. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

IN reading this first instalment of Mr. Edward Garnett's collected essays, which cover a period of some thirty years, we feel that for him the pen has been only a subsidiary instrument of criticism. They are the writings of a man of action. That is an odd thing to say of one who has been the most single-minded, the most austere devoted, and the most influential critic of modern English literature. We must try to explain it.

Our predominant impression is that the book is inspired and knit together by an intense moral fervor, but that the reason why it exists at all must be sought in a sense of duty. Mr. Garnett reminds us of one of the religious writers of the English seventeenth century. He knows, he feels, he is in communion with, the truth, and it suffices him. He would prefer to live in the tabernacle of the Lord for ever. But the hard command is laid upon him; he must preach the truth to the Philistines of England and the Gentiles of America. He girds up his loins and goes forth.

In other words, for Mr. Garnett criticism is not an end in itself; it is preparing the way of the Lord and making his paths straight. The Lord, for Mr. Garnett, is that spirit of truth, that miraculous illumination of reality, which descends upon the writer born and shines within his work. "Veracity, veracity!" How often does that tense and sinewy word, so much more rocky and angular than the soft syllable "truth," break its way through the soil of his language! He has the passion for fine literature, because fine literature, more than philosophy or science or religion, is the vehicle of "veracity."

Not, therefore, to write about fine literature, but to fight for it is Mr. Garnett's aim. When he writes, his writing is a gesture, an act—one more blow against shoddy and humbug, one more effort to clear a breathing-space about the man of truth. There is no time to waste in the dalliance of literary enjoyment, no energy to be lost in the parade of virtuosity. With set lips, and a grey gleam in his eye, Mr. Garnett has been fighting the battle of English literature for a generation. These are some of his weapons.

Perhaps this will explain, vaguely and metaphorically, why Mr. Garnett's criticism has a quality unlike that of any other English critic. We do not hesitate to say that it is a finer quality, for although there is, perhaps, no single page of his book which bears the mark of literary finality—the judgment passed once for all with perfect lucidity and grace—as a whole it breathes a purer and keener atmosphere, is animated by a nobler and more devoted enthusiasm, than you will encounter elsewhere in our criticism to-day. Mr. Garnett does not say the final word, because he has never con-



ceived it his mission to say the final word; he leaves that to a critic of another kind:—

"The academic critic gathers in the honours of the last word. Willingly we leave the silent field to his impressive figure. He frowns at the birth of the obscure, but his sense of duty impels him to officiate at the obsequies of the illustrious dead. To him falls after the lapse of centuries the most delicate of tasks—the task of marshalling those writers who, by virtue of their qualities, have survived the censure of the academic critics of their own day."

That is beautifully barbed. Mr. Garnett could give us more of it if he cared; but he has found his duty elsewhere. It is to secure a hearing for a Conrad, a Doughty, a W. H. Hudson, a D. H. Lawrence, to name four of the foremost figures of contemporary English literature who might still be among the hindmost but for his exertions.

Mr. Garnett is perhaps the most unselfish critic whom England has possessed. He would sooner find a publisher for a new writer of merit than write a perfect essay upon one of an assured position. And this strange, paradoxical quality of self-renunciation is everywhere in his book. It is most apparent in this one striking point of difference: most good books of criticism are self-sufficient: we read them and are content; but Mr. Garnett's continually awakens the desire to read books that we do not know. He seldom pauses to explain how and why a book is good, and to set its excellence beyond a doubt by sedulous quotation and commentary, nor does he spend himself in the effort to appraise one writer's excellence against another's. These things can bide their time. He is generally content to insist that a book is good, and there is something in his manner which convinces, a *je ne sais quoi*, a look in the eye like the Ancient Mariner's, a spareness and austerity in his statement which at once challenges and persuades. As for the attempt to range contemporary writers in a hierarchy, that must wait until he is certain that there are no more new writers to be discovered and saved, or, in his characteristic understatement, "interpreted." That day will, of course, never come.

But we can discover a reason, apart from this indefinable manner, why we instinctively trust Mr. Garnett's judgments. It is not merely that his estimate of so many writers with a disconcerting originality has been approved by the ensuing years; nor that, unlike most critics, he is so patently unselfish and unbiased, so unconcerned with maintaining one school against another, so concentrated upon the discovery of veracity alone. The one cause accounts for the respect in which Mr. Garnett is held by every English writer worth his salt, the other for that remarkable purity of tone to which we have already alluded. But there is something more. Mr. Garnett has an instinctive sense of perspective. While no one has more vigorously striven for the freedom of the creative writer than he, no one has more clearly seen the necessity of universality. A work of literature must have a significance beyond its own perfection; in his own words, "it must suggest the great horizons of the human life it typifies."

That is to say, Mr. Garnett has fought for a literature worth fighting for. He has been able to maintain his faith because it is a real and essential one. Being devoid of the pettiness and prejudice of the aesthete, he has been able to keep the edge of his literary discrimination keen. For aesthetic discrimination is, above all, a vital faculty; it discerns life and is nourished by life; it is a culmination and perfection of life. These truths, which most of us attain to by labor and pains, seem to have been given to Mr. Garnett as part of his birthright. They work instinctively in him, though when the need arises, he can formulate them with an easy certainty. But more often we are made aware of them in their instinctive form of *flair*. He is almost capable of discerning a good book with his eyes shut.

Because the relation between literature and life never escapes him, he is truly catholic. He is not looking for a predetermined fashion, but seeks a vital spirit which may be concealed beneath the least familiar of disguises. He responds to the power of O. Henry and the Australian, Henry Lawson, as naturally as he does to that of a Conrad or a Doughty, and, though his standards are high, he does not demand of contemporary work that it shall be immortal. It is vain for the critic to try to replace posterity, and to sacrifice for a doubtful superiority the advantage of being rooted in his age. There are good things in literature which may not

endure; but Mr. Garnett will honor them, and have them honored. Like Tchekov, of whom he has been the chief pioneer in England, he "is concerned with plus values only," and he accepts the fact that what is a plus value to-day may be much less in fifty years. After all, he asks, "where will be much of Kipling's, Stevenson's, Hardy's, and Henry James's fiction then?" His eye is fixed not on the past or future, but the present.

So he has done more for modern literature in England than any other living man. His book, fascinating in itself, is yet more interesting because it throws light upon that singular achievement. The glow of an intense but restrained passion for the truth of life; the conviction that human beings are not often eager to look upon the truth when it is presented to them, and are quite averse to discovering it for themselves; the courage to persevere in the slow and thankless task of teaching the public (which often includes the publisher) to distinguish between what it wants and what it needs; a complete self-abnegation in the performance of his chosen task—these are the qualities which have given Mr. Garnett his position and his power. Is it a mere accident that they sound like the qualities of an ideal statesman? I do not think so. It is because Mr. Garnett has served the literature which is necessary to life. And that is why so many of us, divided on a hundred issues, are at one upon this: that Mr. Garnett, as much as any statesman of his time, has done well by his country. *Bene meruit de republica.*

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

#### THE ENTENTE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

France and England in the Middle Ages and Now. By T. F. Tout, D.Litt., F.B.A. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

It must be said at once that the theme of this scholarly and suggestive little volume is entirely a study of medieval polity. The sop to a more topical interest suggested by the words "and now" is hardly justified by the few amiable generalities at the beginning and end of the book. Professor Tout's aim, in this elaborate expansion of his Creighton Lecture delivered before the University of London on October 14th, 1920, has been to emphasize the close ties which bound England and France in the Middle Ages, and especially in that full ripening of the Middle Age, the fourteenth century, on the study of which Professor Tout has brought his patient scholarship more especially to bear. There is, however, a big gap between the end of the Middle Ages and the twentieth century, and these five hundred years of vivid movement and silent force which have gone to make the France of to-day the most fanatically militarist State in Europe cannot be adequately bridged by a few valedictory pages.

Nevertheless, the theme of the book is full of interest. The long tradition of hostility between the English and French peoples is a commonplace of history, but here we have another less obvious aspect of their relations emphasized: "behind this general antagonism there has long been a strong undercurrent of affinities that have always made the relations between England and France more intimate and continuous than those between any other two nations of Western Europe." The student of medieval history must rid himself of many clear-cut conceptions which have no counterpart in the nebulous conditions of that formative period. The English and French "nations" in the modern sense did not then exist. The "nation" in the medieval sense was a province, a district, a convenient division of a university. Nations in the modern sense were the product of that more rigid definition of boundaries and governments which the Renaissance worked. In the Middle Ages Europe was still plastic; political unity was a cosmopolitan and ideal thing. The modern "nations" were yet in the making. "The 'foreigner' was to the medieval man much less the alien of a distant land than the neighbor with whom he had to have constant dealings, but with whom he could never agree." Wars, then, in the modern sense, and in the form in which they have become a permanent and paralyzing menace to the modern world, were, of course, not even visualized. Civilization was cosmopolitan, and

expressed itself in the common language of scholarship and culture, Latin. The lines of social and economic cleavage were horizontal rather than vertical. The principle of allegiance was personal rather than local. Public opinion was in nowise shocked when the barons who had wrested Magna Charta from John called in the future Louis VIII. of France "to save English liberty from the English tyrant." Nor when a great Norman baron, Godefroi de Harcourt, in 1346, invited the English into Normandy; nor even when that Anglo-Burgundian alliance of the fifteenth century was made, which "threatened to remove France from the list of independent nations of Europe."

The Latin and sacerdotal civilization, of which France was the fine flower, was naturally imposed upon England by the Norman "Conquest," and it is obvious that England owes the main lines of her development in the succeeding period to the French influence. But in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as society grew more complex, a new lay culture grew up, and here, again, Frenchmen were in the van. The new culture was a general growth, and an international vehicle by which to express it was found in the speech of Paris. And within this civilization there grew up another more especial to England and France, produced by the interaction of French and English elements. The Angevin Kings of England developed a polity which extended its sphere not only over the whole of the British Islands, but over a wider extent of French soil than that immediately ruled by the French King. And ultimately "France herself had to work out her administrative salvation on lines suggested by the Normans and developed by the Angevins." A juster view of medieval conditions will be obtained with the realization that the Angevin Empire was not a mere medley of discordant peoples, tongues, and races accidentally united under the Angevin rulers. Rather was it "the most important attempt to establish a cosmopolitan monarchy transcending nations and races, that had been made since the days of Charlemagne." It fell, but it left a common heritage to England and France.

But not only in the matter of statecraft is the close connection between England and France to be noted. All the many-sided activities which made the thirteenth century a period of progress in England, even during such a period of national retrogression as the reign of Henry III., had their springs in the civilization of France. The coming of the friars, the development of the University schools, the triumph of Gothic art, the spread of vernacular literature, the scholarly study of feudal law in the light of Roman jurisprudence, could not have taken place without a close interconnection of the English and French peoples.

Even the Hundred Years' War was not a national war in the modern sense. In 1346, when Edward III. swept victoriously through Normandy, the invaders only considered that they were entering "France" when they had passed into the Vexin at Longueville. And ten years later, when the Black Prince was occupied in his Poitiers campaign, the English regarded his invasion of France as having begun when he crossed the Cher and slept at Vierzon. The merely adventurous element loomed large in the early expeditions of the war; and in peaceful intervals, such as that which marked the reign of Richard II., the relations between the two peoples were perfectly cordial. Yet the long struggle inevitably, at length, divided and defined the nations. Professor Tout emphasizes in the mission of Joan of Arc a great impelling force to the cause of nationalism. But he realizes that the Maid wrought with the material at hand. France, chaotic, war-worn, had, in fact, imperceptibly become a nation, and Joan symbolized the national reaction to the indignity of a foreign yoke. The world was now on the brink of modernity. The Middle Age, with all its limitations and all its beauty, had passed. Civilization lost its cosmopolitan character, and, in particular, the Anglo-French civilization was wrecked. A sign of the times was the superseding of French by English as the vernacular of the English governing classes. Europe was on the brink of a new era which, in retrospect, seems to be scored across by a series of great wars. "As England and France went further forward on the road of national self-expression there arose an increasing contrast of temperaments"; but still Professor Tout discerns the continuance of a certain intimacy and affinity. In all this he finds encouragement towards

a closer *entente*. But his argument, while it has given us a brilliant piece of medieval scholarship, might with an equal ingenuity have been extended to support a cordial understanding with all the nations of Europe. Unfortunately, historic and academic arguments find little place in a world become grimly realist in its politics. The medieval alliance of Frenchmen and Englishmen involved no perils and entailed no burdens. It is different to-day, and the student of politics, in invoking the lessons of modern history, realizes uneasily that France and England have indeed run on divergent lines, the one ever becoming more intense, localized, and pent within herself, the other winning this, at least, from out her imperialism, world-wide interests and a breadth of outlook which finds itself uneasily yoked to a narrower ideal.

#### AN IDEAL OF WORKMANSHIP.

*Cosmic Vision.* By T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON. (Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.)

MR. COBDEN-SANDERSON has included under the above heading a number of papers and addresses various in subject-matter, but relevant to a specific point of view, expressed in abstract form in the first half of a beautifully printed book, and concretely applied to the art of printing and binding in the second. The book is completed by a short autobiography, an epilogue in the form of a credo, an account of the founding of the Doves Press and Bindery and a complete and dated catalogue of the books and papers published at the Press between 1900 and 1916, after which punches, matrices, and type were deposited at the bottom of the Thames.

The first portion deals with the aims of the Arts and Crafts movement, related to a "cosmic" idea—the necessity of an idyllic husbandry adapted to modern needs and knowledge, with the State in the position of the ancient Homeric overlord. We confess to finding our greatest interest in the second portion of the book, when the author is writing as the master of a particular craft rather than as the servant of an impersonal and intangible ideal.

He gives an account of a visit to an Arts and Crafts exhibition in the North, where, as he says with wise discernment, the things made for use "were well and suitably made and imagined," and the things made for ornament and beauty were ill-contrived and ugly. The principle of the Doves Press was always that its books were printed and bound to be handled and read, not to be stuck up on a shelf as furniture. We see the ideals a little vaguely adumbrated in this volume solidly realized in the great work of his Press and Bindery. Consequently, it is very instructive to be admitted into the ideas he formulated and the methods he practised in the art of turning out a fine book. Calligraphy, he says, is the root of typography, a principle for which there is true historical justification. A scriptorium should be associated with every printing press to restore and preserve the art of letter-designing. Morris could not have made such a printer had he not been such a penman and illuminator as well. The danger of decorative printing, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson points out, is that the several crafts necessary to the final production of the "Book Beautiful" should be out of touch and harmony with one another. Everything should be subordinate to the printed page, and the page to the form and purpose of the manuscript printed. The medieval illuminator, for instance, was liable to regard his art as a thing in itself, as absolute rather than contributory, and so to assert the illustrated part to the detriment of the text as a whole. The Church, indeed, took measures to curtail the idolatries of scribe and binder, and now that we lack any such supervising authority we have to substitute for it the recognition, by self-governing guilds of artists, that the applied arts are composite and the world of art a commonwealth in which each craftsman plays his part in strict relation to the whole. Apprenticeship in a workshop is the obvious mechanism for such unification, so long as the workshop itself is kept in touch with the actual market.

The labors and inspiration of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson not only created the Doves Press and Bindery, but



made it a going concern in the everyday world of trade and production. That Press, in short, serves as a model of how to restore beauty to the product, and dignity to the status of the workman; and the creator of this model may indeed look back upon his work with a proud sense that he has well and truly laid a stone in the building not only of the commonwealth of art but of citizenship.

#### STUDIES IN ETHNOLOGY.

**Bantu Beliefs and Magic.** By C. W. HOBLEY, C.M.G.  
With an Introduction by Sir JAMES G. FRAZER, F.R.S.  
(Witherby. 18s.)

**The Andaman Islanders.** By A. R. BROWN, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 40s.)

**The American Indian.** By CLARK WISSLER. Second Edition.  
(Oxford University Press. 24s.)

MR. HOBLEY has added much to our knowledge of certain Uganda tribes, notably the Kikuyu and A-Kamba. His book is divided into three parts, dealing with religion, magic, and miscellaneous topics, such as councils, war, dances, women in society. One of the most novel features of Mr. Hobley's work is the discovery that "to understand fully the life-history of a Kikuyu native it must be clearly realized how, from his early years to his death, he is bound by the ritual of the guild to which he belongs." These guilds are circumcision guilds, called Kikuyu and Masai, each of which has a distinct ritual, though that of the Masai guild has nothing to do with the Masai tribe. The form of burial depends upon the guild of the deceased. Members of the guild of smiths, who are all descended from a smith who came from the neighborhood of Mount Kenya, belong to these circumcision guilds. They make iron articles used in the circumcision ceremonial, and they are important magicians. Warfare was formerly carried on only by the warrior clans: "One can, however, scarcely imagine them to have been warlike, judging from their present behavior."

Mr. Hobley has given a good account of the constitution and working of the councils of these tribes. He mentions further that the A-Kamba are great bee-keepers. He has an excellent chapter on the importance to the administrator of a knowledge of the customs and modes of thought of the natives, which all administrators would do well to take to heart.

Mr. Hobley hardly seems to realize the theoretical implications of some of his evidence. For, while evidently inclined to believe in "parallel development" of culture as the explanation of cultural resemblances in various parts of the world, he agrees that the knowledge of iron-working was imported: "There appears to be, however, no legend as to who invented the act of smelting or working in iron; it therefore looks as if the craft were imported." Since the smith plays an important part in the magic and ritual of the tribe, the question arises as to the origin of these cultural elements. Signs of foreign influence are present in the shape of carnelian beads, said to be of Egyptian origin, that are used for magical purposes. Sir James Frazer, in his Introduction to this volume, says: "Recent investigations in this part of Africa, particularly with regard to the native veins of iron and gold, tend, in the opinion of some competent inquirers, to show that East Central Africa, including the region of the great lakes, was an extremely ancient seat of a rudimentary civilization." I venture to suggest to Mr. Hobley that the solution of the problem of the origin of this civilization will solve the problems of the development of the cultures of the Kikuyu and A-Kamba tribes, and that the doctrine of parallel development of thought will be found wanting, as in the case of the iron-smiths.

With the publication of the long-expected work of Mr. A. R. Brown on the Andaman Islanders, the science of ethnology takes a step forward. His book will be read by sociologists and psychologists as well as by ethnologists, for Mr. Brown, not content with describing the social organization of the Andamanese, proceeds, in the second part of the book, to interpret the facts in accordance with

the principles of psychological inquiry. The book thus has an interest far beyond the boundaries of pure ethnology.

The Andamanese are negritos, allied to the Semang of the Malay Peninsula and the negritos (Aetas) of the Philippines, and thus form part of the negrito race that formerly must have been widespread in South-East Asia. The Semang have been influenced by more highly civilized peoples, but of the Andamanese Mr. Brown thinks that "it is possible that they have been entirely isolated in their island home, and have not been affected by contact with other races, but have been free to develop their culture in adaptation to their own environment." This quotation will reveal Mr. Brown's attitude of mind with regard to the general question of cultural development that is now so widely canvassed. It is dangerous to rely on isolation in such a case as the Andamanese, since it is by this route that the ancestors of the Polynesians must have gone east; and who is to claim that they did not influence the Andamanese?

The Andamanese live in small groups of from forty to fifty persons, the social unit being the family and not the clan or "horde" (that mythical form of society akin to the "economic man"). The local groups are combined into tribes speaking a common dialect. They have no social grades, and government is carried on by the elders, whose authority "could probably not be maintained if it regularly gave rise to any tyrannical treatment of the younger by the elder." The Andamanese have beliefs about spiritual beings which are centred mainly about the ghosts of relatives. They also have well-developed ideas concerning reincarnation. At death they believe that the "life" goes to the sky and the ghost to the underworld.

The second half of the book is taken up with a psychological interpretation of Andamanese ceremonial, myths, and various beliefs. Mr. Brown doubts the possibility of historical reconstruction, at any rate in the present state of ethnology. He believes in the organic nature of culture, and declares that the only sound method is that of examining the culture of a people, such as the Andamanese, as a whole, and then of comparing this culture, as a whole, with those of other communities similarly studied. His method is summed up in the words that "the social function of the ceremonial customs of the Andaman Islanders is to maintain and to transmit from one generation to another the emotional dispositions on which the society (as it is constituted) depends for its existence," and it takes no account of any historical method. Ceremonial, he says, consists of "(1) Collective actions, (2) required by custom, (3) performed on occasions of changes in the course of social life, and (4) expressing the collective sentiments relating to such social change." This gives an idea of the outlook of Mr. Brown. He applies this method to the study of various forms of social activity, marriage and death customs, dancing, fighting, ornamentation, the use of amulets, and so forth, and seeks to indicate how these various cultural elements fit into the mental life of Andamanese society. The social environment modifies the behavior of the individual: "The individual shouts and jumps for joy; the society turns the jump into a dance, the shout into a song." This mode of interpretation is, Mr. Brown assures us, only possible to men who have worked in the field. "In trying to interpret the institutions of a primitive society the field ethnologist has a great advantage over those who know the facts only at second hand. . . . It may be urged, with some reason, that attempts to interpret the beliefs of savages without any first-hand knowledge of the people whose beliefs are in question, are at best unsatisfactory and open to many possibilities of error." Mr. Brown derives the idea of *Mana* from the bosom of human society: "I have tried to show that the notion arises from the actual experience of the moral force of the society." He is also persuaded that "Amongst the fundamental conditions that must be fulfilled if human beings are to live together in society is the existence of this thing that we call religion, the belief in a great Unseen Power, between which and ourselves it must ever be the great concern of life to establish and maintain harmony."

Mr. Clark Wissler's excellent handbook on the American Indian has already reached its second edition, and is now published by the Oxford University Press. The book is extremely useful to the student who is approaching for the

first time the study of American culture, partly on account of the numerous and excellent maps of distributions that it contains. It is not possible to commend with equal heartiness the theoretical parts. For instance, Mr. Wissler's arguments with regard to the independent development of American culture are not convincing, to say the very least: his argument on p. 394, with regard to parallelisms between age-societies in the Plains, in Melanesia, and in Africa, shows that he has not seriously reflected upon these problems.

W. J. P.

#### OUR TAXABILITY.

**Wealth and Taxable Capacity.** By Sir JOSIAH STAMP. (King. 10s. 6d.)

SIR JOSIAH STAMP discusses in his new volume, "Wealth and Taxable Capacity," a subject on which the public is exceedingly sensitive and exceedingly ill-informed. The latter is not entirely its fault, for a perusal of this book, written by a first-rate authority, shows how precarious are many of the measurements that underlie all estimates of the size and distribution of the wealth and incomes of our nation as a whole, and of the classes of which it is composed. But Sir Josiah argues out the whole matter with wonderful lucidity, and contributes better-grounded judgments upon most points than are elsewhere to be found. He shows reasons for holding that the present (1921) capital value of this country "cannot exceed £19,000 to £20,000 million, and is probably much less," while he would put the National Income for the previous year conjecturally at £3,900 million. Both these sums, however, will have shrunk considerably during the past year.

One of his most interesting generalizations bears on the constancy of the distribution of income:—

"What I may call the 'slope' of distribution has not materially altered, and, although all classes may have become better off, they have kept their relative positions and proportions with remarkable stability so far as we can test" (p. 87).

The average income of all persons with over £160 per annum has not greatly increased, but the number of these persons has grown far faster than the population. On the distribution of incomes, as between the owners of the several factors of production, Sir Josiah's conclusions will only surprise those who have not read Dr. Bowley. The Census of 1907 gave 68 per cent. of the value of manufacturing output as wages and salaries, as against 32 per cent. for rents, royalties, interest, and profits. Sir Josiah would assign 60 per cent. for wages alone, 20 per cent. for salaries, and only 20 per cent. for the share of capital, taking the year 1919 and including the whole range of business observations. Since the item of profit included under the 20 per cent. is subject to Income Tax, the net share of "capital" would be far less than commonly supposed. The writer endorses the surprising conclusions reached on the analysis of pre-war income by Dr. Bowley, as to the exaggerated notion of the amount of "surplus wealth" going to the rich, and produces an estimate to show that, if all incomes above £250 were pooled over the whole population, they would yield only some 5s. per week for each family. There is, of course, a very large and impressive inequality in ownership of capital wealth (two-thirds of our wealth is owned by 400,000 people, and the top one-third by 36,000), but the distribution of income is far less unequal. Readers, however, may experience some difficulty in reconciling "the constancy of distribution" with the evidence about the course of profits and of wages between 1896 and 1914. The rise of prices following 1896 admittedly favored profits, while "real wages" (p. 160) show no rise within that period. Does Sir Josiah hold that the real income of the nation made no advance in that period? Probably not. What classes then got that increased income?

Considerable interest attaches to the chapters which directly deal with present taxable capacity. A famous speech of Mr. McKenna's is cut to bits. On certain assumptions (i.e., the attainment of pre-war production, the curtailment of pre-war consumption by 10 per cent., the halving of pre-war savings, and no further fall of prices) Sir Josiah reckoned the tax capacity for last year at £1,250 million, plus £300 million debt redemption; or otherwise stated, "an

Expenditure Budget of £900 million, without interest on debt or redemption, to include all increases in the local rates." A revised version, taking into due account shrunk production, fallen prices, and reduced incomes, gives a much smaller figure, showing "the Budget is just within our powers for 1921-22, but that 1922-23 will tell a different tale unless things rapidly improve in production."

#### HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS.

**An Order to View.** By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

**Spinster of this Parish.** By W. B. MAXWELL. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

**Love in a Mist.** By JESSICA DARLING. (Methuen. 8s. 6d.)

THERE can be few of Mr. Marriott's readers who do not feel at their first contact with a new book of his that they are wandering in worlds not realized. And no doubt quite a number have gone on to the conclusion, happy for their own self-esteem, that because they are not realized they are not real. If we read the books rather than allow them to permeate our being passively, by the line of least resistance, as the author would say, these readers will certainly be right. One has an extraordinary sense that Mr. Marriott has dispensed with the bread, water, and salt of the novel—conduct, character, and circumstance—except as the bare minimum of machinery to set something else a-going. In "An Order to View," for instance (it is highly characteristic Marriott), one can hardly call Wedmore, the Pumphreys, and the Woodruffes "characters," and yet to call them varying densities in a wonderfully subtle and highly charged atmosphere seems to dehumanize them; and human relationship is everything and a bit over to Mr. Marriott's art. Nor, again, do things happen in the book, and all the events of any consequence would easily fit into half a dozen pages. The "story" is about a girl who profoundly influences the lives of every individual at all prominent in the book, who appears in person on twenty-seven pages of the novel and speaks something under a thousand words, a good half of them the ordinary traffic of social intercourse, the rest a description of her brother Martin's symphony, "St. Michael and All Angels." As for conduct, it is somehow irrelevant. We are dealing not with what people do, but what they feel and value, pursuing their infinitely delicate reaction upon one another through a kind of intuitional wireless. The odd thing is that this underworld is really exciting, so momentous that, well in it, we cease to miss the externalized world of fiction, where the interplay of character and incident takes place on the open stage. The process of explaining what a novel is about is always crude enough, but with "An Order to View" it is almost too baffling to attempt.

All we can do is to take a surveyor's rod, outline a piece of territory, and say: The actual city is underground, but this is more or less its shape and area. Wedmore is an architect, who goes to view Mooredend with the object of inducing Sir John Pumphrey (his patron) to buy it as a wedding present for him and his daughter Hilda. Beatrice Woodruffe lives at Mooredend with her brother, and she and the house with her represent an attitude to life, a particular plane of values hostile in grain, though far from explicitly or in set principle, to the Pumphrey standard. Here again, as in every novel Mr. Marriott has written, we follow through the emotional reactions of characters, whose levels we find not so much by what they say as by what they feel out loud, so to speak, a hidden conflict between opposing views of life. Mr. Marriott never moralizes nor condemns; he seems to pull people's skins off and to let us see into their souls. Wedmore falls headlong in love with Beatrice and Mooredend, because he recognizes them as the very stuff of his being. But if Beatrice has his "basement," Hilda, Sir John, and the consciously cultivated, prosperous, businesslike, "all-right," conquering type they represent have his "top-story." The problem for Wedmore is not so much choosing between two women as between two sides of himself—between "the conscious ideal of the mind" and "the instinctive ideal of the whole creature," with which is



associated his true power as an artist. Wedmore can never explain to Hilda his notions about building, as he did to Beatrice within five minutes of knowing her. It is perhaps a defect in the book that he never succeeds in solving his own problem; Hilda does it for him by marrying Martin Woodruffe. But that matters very little; our absorption is in the conflict between the two ideals, not in the solution—any more than in Hamlet's final solution to his problem. And this conflict is set forth with all Mr. Marriott's delicate power, first of perception and then of definition.

An uncomplicated canvas not too sparingly dabbed with sentiment evidently suits Mr. Maxwell. He is a very unequal writer, but in this simple and touching story of the unobtrusive, gentle-minded, Victorian Miss Verinder's devotion for her roaring playboy of an explorer, Anthony Dyke, he has found his feet. The sentiment is a bit slabby; there are points about Anthony that remind us rather painfully of Mr. W. J. Locke's swashbucklers; the psychology is pretty rough-and-ready, and the author hardly excels in elegance of expression. All the same, it is genuine stuff, and Miss Verinder's quiet braving of all the conventions, her selflessness, and utter surrender (Anthony has a wife in an asylum) to her love are well done, and give dignity and breadth of outline to the book. Anthony's frequent absences in exploration prevent his boisterousness from getting too much on our nerves, and the one journey upon which we accompany him, with Miss Verinder—across the Andes—is not unworthy its theme. "Spinster of this Parish" is one of those books we enjoy without asking ourselves too closely why.

"Love in a Mist" is the tale of a Lothian girl, headstrong, wilful, passionate, and at the mercy of her sensibilities (which some downright people think is worse than having none at all), who is carried into an engagement by ignorance and social pressure. She breaks it off on her wedding morning: her lover kills himself; and Clytie has eleven months of agony before her real lover restores her to peace. The author treats her material somewhat naively and amateurishly, and a footnote to a remark by one of the characters—"Mr. Buchan's opinion (formed forty-five years ago) is emphatically not the author's to-day"—is rather characteristic. But there is merit in the sympathetic analysis of a young girl's stormy temperament and the reaction upon it of a dull and worldly-wise social environment.

## Foreign Literature.

### A GERMAN POET'S LOVE-STORY.

**Die Briefe der Diotima.** (The Diotima Letters.) Issued by FRIDA ARNOLD. Edited by CARL VIETOR. (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 22 marks.)

**Hölderlin.** A Play. By WALTER EIDLITZ. (Berlin: Erich Reiss. 5 marks.)

AFTER a great deal of preliminary discussion and partial disclosure—their forthcoming publication was announced in THE ATHENÆUM as far back as March 19th, 1920—the famous "Diotima Letters" have at last been given to the world. In interest and importance they will be held to fulfil all expectation, not only in the eyes of all students of German literature, but also in the eyes of everyone who has any appreciation of one of the most poignant and moving love-stories in the whole of literary history. For "Diotima"—taken from Diotima of Mantinea, the friend and, some say, the inspirer of Socrates—was the name given to his beloved by the German poet Friedrich Hölderlin, Goethe's younger contemporary and Schiller's protégé. In real life she was Susette Gontard, wife of a prosperous Frankfurt banker, Jakob Gontard, into whose house the poor but brilliant and sensitive poet had been introduced as a tutor to the children. It does not appear to have been a case of love at first sight, but affection followed intellectual attraction and was deepened and encouraged by the fact that whereas Susette and Hölderlin were of equal ages, both good-looking and equally romantically enthusiastic over the glories of Greek literature, Herr Gontard was a rather crabbed man with eyes for little but his balance-sheets.

To "Diotima" Hölderlin addressed several poems. Under that name he sketched an idealized portrait of Susette in his novel in letters, "Hyperion," an account of the modern Greek fight for independence. Biographers have been rather too prone to see actual fact in these references, forgetting that "Hyperion" was begun before Hölderlin entered the Gontards' house, and that poets—Keats and Byron will at once occur to the mind—are never very exact in their representations. That "Diotima" was, however, a potent inspiration to Hölderlin in his work cannot be questioned. That he, in his turn, was capable of inspiring in her the highest passion and the most self-sacrificing love no one will doubt after a reading of the letters contained in this volume.

A word should be said of the way in which, after over a century, these letters have been brought to the knowledge of the public. It was well known that Hölderlin wrote love-letters to his "Diotima" when, in 1798, after his love for Susette had become known to her husband, he left Frankfurt. These letters have disappeared, and it is surmised that Susette destroyed them in order to avoid detection. But it was further known that "Diotima's" letters to Hölderlin were preserved. When Hölderlin died his half-brother, Carl Gock, took charge of them and handed them down until Frida Arnold, a descendant of Hölderlin's, now gives them to the world.

The letters begin in 1798, with a description by Susette of the household Hölderlin had just left. Herr Gontard had done his best to divert his wife's thoughts by entertainments and gifts, but he had forbidden the children to mention Hölderlin's name. Diotima gives expression to a passionate love for Hölderlin which nothing will repress. The lovers were soon to meet again. For some time they were able to arrange a weekly clandestine meeting, and the letters are correspondingly infrequent. Then it became too dangerous, and the correspondence increases, both in volume and in intensity. We get, in addition to a highly interesting social record, the outpourings of a high-minded, passionate woman, with only one thought—for Hölderlin's happiness. In a late letter she writes that if it is for his happiness that the parting between them should be final and complete, so be it. "The invisible bonds between us are not broken, and life is short." Life was indeed to be short for Diotima. She died in 1802, and Hölderlin, although he survived her physically for forty years, was thereafter, with a few lucid intervals, imaginatively and intellectually, a dead man. Here is all the material for a true tragedy. One of the younger German dramatists of to-day, Walter Eidlitz, has already tried his hand at it, following the history pretty closely. Others, no doubt, will be attracted by its dramatic possibilities now that these appealing letters have widened and deepened our knowledge of the story.

## Books in Brief.

**Memoirs of the Memorable.** By SIR JAMES DENHAM. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

IN these graceless times you can get more peers for a penny than in the dear days departed to which Sir James Denham turns his wistful eyes (see portrait frontispiece). It is not easy to find the consoling word for Sir James; but he would not take it amiss, we think, if he were congratulated on having joined the ranks of the titled ones—among the knights, who are just behind the baronets, who are just behind the barons—a long way behind the dukes, however. But Sir James knows what they are like, for he once heard a duchess address her husband as "John," and "it sounded unusually crude." It is a crude world. Sir James must have found it so recently, when the newspapers dubbed him the "Mystery Knight." Why should it be regarded as a mystery to honor the man who wrote the poem "Wake up, England"? Sir James, we gather, was always modest, but he is entitled to record his victories. Once a famous company was discussing Art, and the big guns were directing affairs. "With fear and trembling" the young Denham opened fire. "Surely," he said, "the value of a gift from the gods largely depends upon the facility wherewith it can be utilized? The

Poet needs but little for the exercise of his genius: the Musician needs much." That "learned 'em." "Would you believe it?" asks Sir James, "I never was so astonished in my life; that argument carried the House." Of course we believe it. Sir James is generous with these stories, but it may be (for tastes vary so) that there are some who may wish to avoid such introductions as this:—

"As in some lordly castle you will find, far from the halls of banquet and state, some little shrine wherein from the bright, blinding light of day 'mid the dim shadows there is ease and rest, so in my heart I have a noble gallery. Therein are splendid pictures of the Past: crownings and burials of kings; the lowering to their slumber of immortal dust; the features of fair women, and the dear, fond faces of dead friends shrouded in the silent alcoves of my heart. When you have wearied me, Oh World, and sickened me with sordid things, to these sweet pictures silently I pass, and all my spirit is surrendered to the respite of my dreams!"

\* \* \*

**The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps.** By SAMUEL TURNER. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

WHEN one is tired of conquering the Matterhorn there are the Alps of New Zealand. One keeps oneself fit on the journey by skipping-rope exercises. This is Mr. Turner's way. We forget how many skips he can accomplish in one minute, but they are considerable. It is a more strenuous life than a navy's; and Mr. Turner finds it a thousand times more entertaining. The beautiful photographs by which this volume is illustrated indicate, if only slightly, some of the rewards for laborious and perilous days. The New Zealand Alps have not the altitudes of the Swiss, but the ascents have the same excitements, the climber needs the same skill, and the hazards are as great. Thanks to Mr. Turner's pioneer labors, the way is made a little easier for the mountaineer who reads this record of the season's work. Mr. Turner is disdainful of crampons, so much favored by amateurs, nor does he use staples, but prefers the more skilful and safer step-chipping and cutting. An exciting narrative is given of the author's ascent of Mount Cook alone. He made his first attempt in 1915, and successive efforts followed, the victory coming at the ninth in 1918.

\* \* \*

**The Real Tsaritsa.** By MME. LILI DEHN. (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.)

MME. DEHN, who is a descendant of Koutousoff, was an intimate friend of the late Empress of Russia. She joins the memoir-writers who defend the royal name. Memoirs of this sort have their uses, perhaps, but people seriously interested in the Russian revolution are possibly a trifle tired of side-shows like Rasputin. Mme. Dehn recounts some of her interviews with Kerensky, whom she looked through and through. The unhappy leader of revolution comes off very badly in these encounters. Some letters from the Empress to Mme. Dehn, smuggled out of prison, are quoted. They are sad, intimate documents, but throw little light on affairs.

\* \* \*

**The Drink and Drug Evil in India.** By BADRUL HASSAN. (Madras: Ganesh. 5s.)

MANY English people who have had a "concern" about the drink and drug evil in the East have taken for granted that conditions must have been improving in the fifteen years or so since the Government of India formally made an agreement with China for the suppression of the opium traffic. Unfortunately, the contrary is the fact: the present situation is deplorable. Mr. Gandhi is an uncompromising prohibitionist, and he contributes a brief foreword to this little book by his young Moslem disciple. Mr. Badrul Hassan begins well, with the admission that drink was a great evil in ancient India. He contends, however, that in Buddhist and later times it was got under, and that its modern ravages must be attributed to Western influences and, as British authorities have to confess, to the excise policy of the Government. Mr. Badrul Hassan describes the system, sets out the revenue statistics, and summarizes the facts as to

opium consumption and hemp drugs. The book is to be commended on two grounds: as an example of the new concrete study of social evils by young Indians, and as evidence that Indian publishing firms are beginning to care about decent printing, paper, and binding.

## From the Publishers' Table.

THIS autumn's book lists will be the better off by a new volume of Mr. J. D. Beresford's, a set of seven studies under the title "Taken from Life." A Tramp, a Cabman, a Drug-fiend, a Pedlar, an old Country-woman, a Courtesan, and a Charwoman sat for their portraits; and photographs by Mr. E. O. Hoppé will collaborate with Mr. Beresford's descriptions.

\* \* \*

MESSRS. COLLINS, who will publish "Taken from Life," announce a new novel by Mr. Brett Young—"Pilgrim's Rest," a story of South Africa before the war—and one by Miss Rose Macaulay, which also takes our anticipations abroad, "Mystery at Geneva." These books may be expected in the autumn.

\* \* \*

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, having developed largely its publishing labors in the region of books not concerning religion, has decided that its future output in (for example) nature study or popular science shall bear the new imprint, "The Sheldon Press." This title has reference to the fact that Dr. Bray, the Society's founder, was Rector of Sheldon in Warwickshire.

\* \* \*

MR. MILFORD will issue shortly "St. Erkenwald (Bishop of London, 675-693): an Alliterative Poem written about 1386, narrating a Miracle wrought by the Bishop in St. Paul's Cathedral." We doubt the fact, but perhaps the unknown poet will convince us. This publication is due to the editorial energy of Sir Israel Gollancz.

\* \* \*

THE editor of Dryden's Poems in the series of Oxford Poets, the late John Sargeant, was able to make all sorts of capital revisions in the text that had been produced by previous editors not so gifted. It seems as if there is still some difficulty here and there in the poems as printed, and Mr. P. J. Dobell's forthcoming "John Dryden: Bibliographical Memoranda," records not only details of editions hitherto unknown, but points concerned with the text. The volume will be limited to a hundred copies.

\* \* \*

THERE are still books in Ireland—so many, indeed, that "The Irish Book Shop," Dublin, are anxious to sell at least 1,313 of them, neatly catalogued in their third list of this year. These are chiefly the writings of contemporaries and of the last generation. Henry James is very liberally represented.

\* \* \*

WE are told by the connoisseurs that the eighteenth century is about to have its day—again. The works of the Duck that Samuel Johnson trod on will be revived by someone with a mission; and perhaps the copy ("Poems on Several Occasions") in Messrs. Dobell's fourteenth catalogue from Bruton Street will be the instrumental cause. This copy is a desirable one, for bound with it is "The Woman's Labor: an epistle to Mr. Stephen Duck, in Answer to his late Poem called 'The Thresher's Labor,' by Mary Collier, now a Washer-woman, at Petersfield in Hampshire, 1739."

\* \* \*

THERE is a shortage of literature about the poetical threshers, cobblers, milkwomen, butlers, cowkeepers, and their kind who have, from time to time, found their way into print. It was Southey who in his magnanimity produced the doggerel of one "John Jones, an Old Servant," with an essay



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on the uneducated poets: but he mentioned only a few of the motley multitude, and nobody, we think, has enlarged on his idea.

HERDALS generally are books to buy—even Cowley's versified garden, or Mason's, deserves shelf-room anywhere—and several occur in a slight catalogue (No. 432) of Mr. Francis Edwards.

## The Drama.

### A TRIPLE BILL.

THE Everyman Theatre's Triple Bill this week, at Hampstead, strikes us as a rather insignificant affair. We wonder why it was necessary to go abroad to bring back nothing more important than this. The management may tell us that they receive no masterpieces from unplayed English dramatists, but we should find it very hard to credit them if they told us that they did not receive the manuscript of many plays as good as the ones they chose to give on Monday.

The most considerable piece in the bill is "In the Zone," by Mr. Eugene O'Neill, an American playwright of some distinction. It is a fair piece of stagecraft, but in spite of its rather deliberate brutality, it is at bottom just sentimentality *à rebours*. You are shown a group of dingy seamen in the fo'c'sle of a tramp steamer carrying ammunition through the war zone. In the ragged state of their nerves the sight of one of them hiding an ugly little black box in his bunk arouses terrified suspicion in the rest. In spite of frenzied resistance, he is tied up and gagged. The "infernal machine" is then examined and found to contain a packet of letters, which, being read aloud, disclose a sordid little tragedy—a love story ended by a man's incurable drunkenness. The peculiar way by which Mr. O'Neill's sailors make amends for their ghastly mistake ought not to be disclosed—but we confess to a doubt whether, in the horrors of "the zone," outraged feelings had quite so much power to hurt. The sketch is well acted, especially by Mr. Douglas Jefferies as the victim, and Mr. Victor Tandy as a grim old Irish hand who takes the lead in the investigation. The setting once again proves the realistic suggestiveness of extreme simplicity.

The other parts of the programme tend rather to melt like snowflakes in memory. There is an amorist duologue from the French—"Daily Bread"—of which little remains in the mind but Mr. Henry Kendall's easy self-possession as "He," and Miss Isabel Jeans's delicious provocativeness as "She"—who had sense enough, all the same, to be the woman who didn't. Miss Jeans, it has been plain from almost every one of her appearances in London, has great potentialities, and not only, we believe, for fascinating comedy. A reminiscence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her manner is not likely to impede her. She was less at home, however, in "Suppressed Desires," the psycho-analytic farce which has been given before at this theatre. Miss Margaret Carter's dishevelled and sandalled impersonation of the highbrow wife was surely the right conception; and though no one would desire to see Miss Jeans thus "translated," it is the way to play the character.

It was really, perhaps, the anomalous fourth item in the Triple Bill that gave the most artistic satisfaction. This was simply a recitation by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke of a sugary, but characteristic, Yiddish prose-poem, called "Bontsie Schweig," the tale of the death and reception into heavenly mansions of a silently uncomplaining Jewish street-waif. Mr. Sherbrooke not only gave a priceless lesson in elocution; he added, presumably out of his own head, a most delicate Hebrew character-study in the person of the elderly, rabbinical-looking narrator of the story.

D. L. M.

## Science.

### SOME INTERESTING MATHEMATICS.

Most branches of science lend themselves readily enough to popular exposition. There is usually some part or parts of any science which touch upon matters of universal human interest, or appeal to the natural liking for the marvellous. Astronomy excels in marvels, and biology in human interest. And a large part of these sciences deals with actual concrete objects, often very interesting in themselves, and admirably adapted to make attractive lantern slides.

Mathematics has none of these advantages, and for that reason it is generally considered that mathematics is quite hopeless as a subject for popular exposition. It might be said, it is true, that "number" is of great human interest, being quite indispensable to human life, and that there are real marvels to be found amongst mathematical theorems. But one feels that one is straining these words in applying them to mathematics, and the editor of an illustrated Sunday Supplement, for instance, would not be convinced at all by this reasoning. Yet in a recent course of popular lectures on the problems of modern science,\* the series opened with a lecture on mathematics. The series went on to include astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and so on, but, even in this very attractive company, the lecture on mathematics is not noticeably dull or difficult. Yet the lecturer dealt with some of the most abstruse and apparently abstract researches in modern pure mathematics. But his instances, we must confess, were carefully chosen. In nearly each case he was able to show that his instance had important practical applications.

It is reported that a distinguished scientific man once proposed a toast to a scientific theory, and concluded with the words: "And may it never be of any use to anybody." As a reaction against the "business" man's perpetual "What's the use of it?" this attitude is understandable, although we may not sympathize with it. But, indeed, whatever the scientific theory, the wish expressed in the toast is very uncertain of fulfilment. Faraday, on being asked the business man's question, asked "What is the use of a baby?" and that is a much sounder answer. It is quite impossible to say of any scientific work, however remote and abstract, that it will never be of practical importance. It is not right that science should be prosecuted purely for practical ends, any more than a baby should be regarded merely as a potential soldier, but it is impossible to say that any theory will always be useless, even as a dividend-earner.

Let us take one of the instances given by Professor Nicholson in his lecture on mathematics. In how many ways can the number 5 be split up? This is a very simple question. We can form 5 from five 1's, or from three 1's, a 2, and a 0, or from a 1, a 4, and three 0's, and so on. We find there are seven ways of partitioning the number 5. So far we have been dealing with a simple and apparently fatuous question. But Major MacMahon, a gentleman fond of extremely difficult problems, asked himself what general methods there were which would give the partitions of any number. To split up the number 20,000, for example, as we have split up the number 5, would take a lifetime. A general theory of partitions is required; Major MacMahon has supplied it. Now this example is deliberately selected as appearing as utterly useless as anything could well appear. At first sight it seems to stand on no higher level than chess problems. But suppose we turn to colloidal solutions, an investigation not only important in physics, but which promises to be important in other branches of science, such as physiology, and hence, ultimately, in medicine. We find that several of the phenomena characteristic of colloidal solutions can be explained and predicted by the help of Major MacMahon's theory of partitions. And having said that, we do not know where to stop. No one can say where the theory of colloidal solutions will lead us, but it is certainly important from any point of view.

\* "Problems of Modern Science." (Harrap. 10s. 6d.)



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Passing Notes. (Being on current events connected with the World of Music.) The Violin. British National Opera. The Beginnings of American Music. League of British Artists. Book Reviews. The Gloucester Festival. Honouring Sir Landon Ronald. The Music Industries. . Etc., etc.

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As another example, which has now attained much notoriety, we may take the mathematical theory of invariants. There are various ways of giving a mathematical description of the same thing. An ellipse, for instance, can be described in many ways, but all these ways have something in common, something characteristic of ellipses as distinguished from everything else. These essential relations, which hold good for any description of the same thing, are called its invariants. The development of the theory of invariants led mathematicians into abstruse regions where even scientific men were not disposed to follow them; the whole thing became too remote and "up in the clouds." But it occurred to Einstein to ask himself the extraordinary question whether the universe as a whole had its appropriate invariants. To answer his question he had to master the most abstruse and apparently unpractical investigations of the pure mathematicians. The result was Einstein's theory, of whose importance, not only to science, but to philosophy, we may be assured.

As another instance we might give the mathematical development of the Quantum theory, in which a new and very extraordinary dynamics has had to be invented to explain the constitution of the atom. Nobody can doubt the practical value of such researches, for the artificial disruption of the atom would certainly have most important consequences—even if those consequences turned out to be the annihilation of the human race. But we may conclude with the curious problem known as Fermat's last theorem. It states that  $x^n + y^n = z^n$ , where  $x$ ,  $y$ ,  $z$ , and  $n$  are whole numbers, has no solution if  $n$  is greater than 2. There is every reason to suppose the theorem true, but no one has proved it. Mathematical training seems to be of no help in attempting a solution. And the only practical consequence of a solution we know of is that the solver would win a prize, founded at Vienna, of considerably more than 100,000 marks. That is not worth much to-day, but the problem is not likely to be solved before the Austrian currency has recovered.

S.

## Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sun. 23. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"George Russell (A. E.), Poet, Prophet, Citizen," Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe.  
Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C. 1), 5.—"Idealism and Industrialism," Mr. G. K. Chesterton.
- Wed. 26. Conference on Mental Deficiency (Caxton Hall), 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.—Speakers: Lord Justice Atkin, Sir Leslie Scott, Mrs. Patrick Green, Mr. Stuart Deacon, Dr. W. Norwood East, and others.
- Thurs. 27. Conference on Mental Deficiency (Second Day), 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.—Speakers: Sir Frederick Willis, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Ruth Darwin, Dr. H. B. Brackenbury, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, and others. Tickets may be had from the Hon. Secretary, C. A. M. W., 24, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1.

[The Royal Meteorological Society will on Monday, July 24th, at 3 o'clock, hold a meeting in the rooms of the Royal Society, Edinburgh. The papers will include one on "Observations of Upper Cloud Drift as an Aid to Weather Forecasting," by Mr. C. K. M. Douglas.]

## The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Bruère (Robert W.). The Coming of Coal. New York, Association Press, 347, Madison Avenue, \$1.  
Cardozo (Benjamin N.). The Nature of the Judicial Process. Milford, 7/6.  
Development of the Civil Service. Lectures delivered before the Society of Civil Servants, 1920-21. Pref. by Viscount Haldane. King, 7/6.  
Guest (L. Haden). The Care and Nursing of Babies and Children. Harrap, 2/6.  
Labor Speakers' Handbook. Labor Party, 33, Eccleston Sq., S.W. 1/-.  
Liber (Benjamin). The Child and the Home: Essays on the Rational Bringing-up of Children. New York, Rational Living, 61, Hamilton Place.

- \*Marvin (F. S.), ed. Western Races and the World. Essays arranged by F. S. Marvin (The Unity Series, V.). Milford, 12/6.  
Mumson (Edward L.). The Management of Men: a Handbook on the Systematic Development of Morale and the Control of Human Behavior. Harrap, 21/-.  
Rysa (Pierre). L'Expérience Russe. Tr. by Raoul Labry. Paris, Payot, 6fr.  
Sarkar (Benoy Kumar). The Political Institutions and Theories of the Hindus: a Study in Comparative Politics. Leipzig, Markert & Petters, Seeburgstrasse, 531, 16/9.  
Strickland (C. F.). An Introduction to Co-operation in India (India of To-day, No. 1). Milford, 3/6.  
\*Toynbee (Arnold J.). The Western Question in Turkey and Greece: a Study in the Contact of Civilizations. Constable, 18/-.

### NATURAL SCIENCE.

- \*Rougier (Louis). Philosophy and the New Physics: an Essay on the Relativity Theory and the Theory of Quanta. Tr. by Morten Masius. Routledge, 6/-.  
Smithsonian Institution. Annual Report, 1920. II. Washington, Government Printing Office.  
\*Willis (J. C.). Age and Area: a Study in Geographical Distribution and Origin of Species. With Chapters by Hugo de Vries and others. Cambridge Univ. Press, 14/-.

### LITERATURE.

- Ficker (H. Ludwig), ed. Der Brenner. Frühling, 1922. Innsbruck, Brenner-Verlag, 54m.  
Hughes (H. F.). Essays and Sketches, with some Verses. Norwich, the Author, 43, Beatrice Rd.  
\*Jay (Thomas). The Seaside Guyed. II. Collins, 3/6.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Book of the Tuesday Evening Club. By S. B. Jackson, R. B. Daniels, and others. Milford, 4/6.  
Calderon (George). Three Plays and a Pantomime. Grant Richards, 12/6.  
Dolphin (May I. E.). Songs from the Moorland. Blackwell, 3/6.  
Glover (Halcott). Hall, Caesar! a Comedy of Ireland. Bloomsbury Press, 4, Bloomsbury Place, W.C. 1, 3/6.  
Henric (J. E. S.). Off Mudros, 1915; and other Poems. Amersham, Morland, 2/6.  
MacDonald (Francis C.). Devices and Desires. Milford, 6/6.  
Magnificat. By S. I. M. Daniel, 1/-.  
Meyerstein (E. H. W.). Heddon: a Domestic Play in Three Acts. Blackwell, 2/6.  
Millay (Edna St. Vincent). Renascence; and other Poems.—Second April. New York, Mitchell Kennerley.  
\*Nesbit (E.). Many Voices. Hutchinson, 4/6.  
Nichols (Wallace S.). Earl Simon: a Trilogy. Grant Richards, 5/-.  
Ord (Hubert). Chaucer and the Rival Poet in Shakespeare's Sonnets. Dent, 2/6.  
Roberts (Cecil). A Tale of Young Lovers: a Tragedy in Four Acts. Heinemann, 2/6.  
\*Sitwell (Sacheverell). The Hundred and One Harlequins. Grant Richards, 6/-.  
\*Spaeth (J. Duncan). Old English Poetry. Translations into Alliterative Verse with Introductions and Notes. Milford, 8/6.  
Spender (Violet). The Path to Caister; and other Poems. Foreword by Harold Spender. Sidgwick & Jackson, 5/-.  
Stuart (Muriel). Poems. Heinemann, 3/6.  
Trinick (J. B.). The Dead Sanctuary. Intro. by J. W. Mackail. Milford, 5/-.  
Waters (Bernard). Poems. Grant Richards, 3/6.  
Williams (Iolo A.). Byways round Helicon: a Kind of Anthology. Heinemann, 7/6.

### FICTION.

- Anderson (Robert G.). The Isle of Seven Moons: a Romance of Uncharted Seas and Untrodden Shores. Putnam, 7/6.  
Baerlein (Henry). The House of the Fighting Cocks. Parsons, 7/6.  
Bigg (Louisa). Summerley Wells. Routledge, 7/-.  
Cotton (Catherine). Experience. Collins, 7/6.  
Crosland (T. W. M.). The Fine Old Hebrew Gentleman. Werner Laurie, 5/-.  
\*Dos Passos (John). Three Soldiers. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.  
\*Francis (M. E.). Many Waters. Hutchinson, 7/6.  
\*Gerhardt (William). Futility: a Novel of Modern Russian Life. Corden-Sanderson, 7/6.  
Hamblin (Robert A.). Eyes of Innocence. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.  
Hooper (R. S.). And the Next. Lane, 6/-.  
MacGowan (Alice) and Newberry (Perry). The Million-Dollar Suitcase. Hutchinson, 7/6.  
Miles (Lady). Ralph Carey. Hutchinson, 7/6.  
Reynolds (Mrs. Fred). The Man Who Could Not See. Lane, 7/6.

### GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Chancellor (E. Beresford). Memorials of St. James's Street, together with the Annals of Almack's. 16 ll. Grant Richards, 15/-.  
Latimer (Francis, Lord). Well (North Riding). II. Lane, 1/-.  
\*Maimowski (Dr. Bronislaw). Argonauts of the Western Pacific: an Account of Native Enterprise and Adventure in the Archipelagoes of Melanesian New Guinea. Preface by Sir James G. Frazer. 65 ll. Routledge, 21/-.

### BIOGRAPHY.

- Bendz (Ernst). Oscar Wilde: a Retrospect. Vienna, Alfred Hölder, 5/-.  
Bloch (Ernst). Thomas Münzer als Theologe der Revolution. Munich, Kurt Wolff.  
Dwane (David T.). Early Life of Eamonn de Valera. II. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 7/6.  
Hort (C. M.). Dr. John Dee, Elizabethan Mystic and Astrologer. Rider, 2/-.  
Keller (Elizabeth L.). Walt Whitman in Mickle Street. New York, Mitchell Kennerley.  
Lucy (Sir Henry). The Diary of a Journalist: Later Entries. Murray, 15/-.  
O'Brien (Eris M.). Life and Letters of Archbishop John Joseph Therry, Founder of the Catholic Church in Australia. II. Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 25/-.  
\*Savage (Henry). Richard Middleton: the Man and his Work. II. Palmer, 12/6.  
Sutherland (Capt. J. G.). At Sea with Joseph Conrad. II. Grant Richards, 18/-.  
Waite (Arthur E.). Raymond Lully, Illuminated Doctor, Alchemist, and Christian Mystic. Rider, 2/-.

### HISTORY.

- Adams (James T.). The Founding of New England. II. Boston, Mass., "Atlantic Monthly" Press, \$4.  
\*Guedalia (Philip). The Second Empire: Bonapartism, the Prince, the President, the Emperor. Constable, 16/-.  
Matheson (P. E.). The Growth of Rome. Milford, 2/6.  
Morison (S. E.). A Prologue to American History: an Inaugural Lecture. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 3/-.



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